Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1835. Whole No. 737.

DEATH, TIME, AND ETERNITY.

There once stood palaces of Kings, whose breath
Gave law to millions; scarce a mouldering stone
Tells of their site. Who dwelt there? Ask of Death
The king of all. He hath usurped the throne.
Where myriads dwelt, the wild fox dwells alone.
Where banners streamed, the yew and cypress wave,
Where trumpets pealed, the hollow breezes moan.
The mail-clad warrior and the naked slave
Mingle their ashes in one common grave.

A common grave! The universal doom
Falls on the monarch's as the peasant's head;
There dwells no charm within the proudest tomb
Which shrines the dust whence consciousness hath fled;
There is no sceptre for the throneless dead!
And he, who bring, kept a world at bay,
Shares with the worm his cold and narrow bed.
The worm, that makes man's soulless form his prey,
knows not a Cæsar's from a peasant's clay.

What then is Death?—the doom of all that live;
What is this Earth?—the tomb of all that dies;
And what is Time?—a boon that many grieve
To waste, neglected: 'tis the test that tries
Love, Honor, Friendship, and all human ties.
What is eternity?—who shall assign
Born to Infinitude? The theme defies
All finite wisdom. 'Tis the mighty line
That God hath drawn between his state and thine;
Seek not to know what never shall be revealed
Till thou shalt see thy Maker in his might:
Wait, till that hour when all that now is sealed,
Or half concealed in mercy, from thy sight,
Shall burst upon thee with unclouded light!
Then shall the universal grave be riven—
The past shall seem but as an arrow's flight;
Then to the soul shall faculties be given
To comprehend the mysteries of Heaven.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ANN ELIZA GLENN.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

"And scarce half Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in Transatlantic story rang,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook:
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
Or plain'd no mine's volcanic shook,
The Lion-ey'd German chang'd his sword to pruning hook."

Campbell—Gertrude of Wyoming.

Early spring had sketched her promise on the budding trees, and lisped her early song in the notes of the lark. It was in the decline of one of those almost perfect days succeeding sun gave to dark shading and throwing light full effect in the mountain picture, as with the pertner of all my wanderings we entered the southern entrance of the Wyoming Valley, through a gorge of one of those wild and rocky defiles, between Nescopeck and Wilkes-Barre our entrance into the far spread of vale, was almost as sudden as if a door had been opened, and the landscape burst on our view. The scenery of the Susquehanna basin, in no place tame, seems to have in the valley of Wyoming, a perfection of every beauty. Nature there has drawn her sketches under the influence of every inspiring muse. Mountain, bold and frowning, embosoms the placid lake-resembling river, and its dwelling, richly cultivated and smiling cheers.

The scene and not to be arrested d on the margin of which [illegible] *was—not in human power. We stood* [illegible] *gazing on the scene with admiration.*

Not far from the spot where we stood, and making one in the beauties before us, appeared some neat farm houses. The hamlet rose on the eastern slope of one of the identical vallies, which form the minute line of the great canvass. A heavy forest, hemlock crowned, covered shore, and fields and meadows, spread away below until terminated by the beautiful "serpentine" that form road struck off from the main highway, and led past the hamlet. "We are travelling for the enjoyment of gaining," said I to my much better part, "and where can we expect a greater pleasure than scanning the picture before us? Let us seek a young place in that retired village, for the remainder of the day and night." She smiled consent, and we sought and obtained what we desired.

Seated in a very clean and rather tastefully arranged room, commanding a full view of the valley of Wyoming, the almost symmetrically arranged mountain ridges which rise around it on all sides, with the dowry seen Wilkes-Barre rising on the river's brink, and the still more distant village of Kingston near the opposite shore. The all room was bland and the very air felt as the breath of the surrounding scenery.

We had been received by a woman far advanced in years, but who evinced but little decay of natural activity, and none of "The mind's decline." She wore spectacles, but the glasses could not conceal orbs, which must once have shone with heaven's own fire, as they yet beamed intelligence. When the arrangements for our comfort were completed, our hostess resumed and seated herself at one of the windows of the charming room, in which we were now standing, at another window, and silently reigned in imagination from feature to feature of the wide spread landscape.

"What a delightful situation," I at length exclaimed, "you have for a residence," addressing our aged hostess.

"It is so now," replied the matron, solemnly; "but dearly have it been purchased."

"With much of labor and taste," I replied, "no doubt both have combined."

The old lady removed her glasses, laying them on the work-stand beside her, and looking alternately on our faces, at length, pointing with her finger to an enclosure at the bottom of a garden, which sloped from the window of the room, demanded, "do you see that little grave yard?"

There was a sepulchral tone of voice, which connected with the object pointed out to our attention checked the enthusiasm of our feelings, and a mood silently awaiting further explanation, which the old lady perceiving, resumed. "If it was possible for a human being to be brought to life and placed in Wyoming Valley, in afternoon, when the earth teems, such a mind could scarcely conceive the drabrinose, cold, and storms of midwinter, as can the traveller one sojourns here in these time times, picture in mind what the present prosperity has been."

"Indian war, blood and tears, I presume, you mean Madam," I interrupted, and if so, we I can conceive the days of the past, for such were the scenes around my infant heart."

"Oh! mine not those cries from the stilly grave," suppressingly ejaculated the old sufferer, "'a yon narrow enclosure sleeps'——she paused, as a dove fluttered down the garden and entering the little grave yard, we heard its mourning note. An expression more than earthly passed over the aged face, as she exclaimed, hardly seeming to feel that she was not alone. "Sweet Spirit of a father, thy daughter will soon follow thee."

The incident was such as to deprive us of either part or power to speak, what we could say, in a case like this, as at fatal moments the notes of the dove fluttered away on the breeze, and the old responding mourner uttered as if a voice from the far heaven was reaching her as was the burial and deposited. We involuntarily sunk down into chairs, intently awaiting the inarticulate farewell moaning song of the dove, and that we sat until thrilled by our companions, who seemed to rouse as from a dream. She stared for a moment, relapsed into a reverie, and which passed, and without allusion to the former part of our conversation, her mind reverted to its beginning, and she observed as if responding to my question as once said.

"It is beautiful as Earth can be beautiful, the storms of the coming hive past, and the warm sun shine of the spring here rests." She then relapsed into silence, and seemed to commune with herself, excited by some painful thought—but it passed and she resumed as she fixed her still strong and intelligent eyes on mine, "Four looks all of many years which you have passed—few say that looks were and its consequences you have seen—if so you cause me at the recital of the same, why so [illegible] *in* [illegible] *over the sorrows of her youth,—over the remains of buried?*"

"We are," I replied hastily and fervently, "children of a former age, brothers and sisters in melancholy recollections. The tale must be long indeed if it is not heard with the earnest ear and he it."

"But now—not now," replied the matron, "How long are you to stay in tarry with us?"

"We are traversing the earth," I replied, "to hold converse with hallowed spirits—to speak of the departed, and the [illegible] scenes which make the interest history, but [illegible] *and the main incident related, as I have* [illegible] *by my parents, who were acquainted with the actors in the* [illegible] *The meeting and conversation with* [illegible] *and not any are heirlooms. The real scene was in the* [illegible] *of Wyoming.*

which nature herself threw over his countenance. Arthur Gleen seemed to have a suitor in every house along Swatara, for to every decent young woman of his acquaintance his conduct was that of a brother, kind and respectful, but to one only was it more. That one was Ann Eliza Harrington. This was an attachment formed and cemented long before its existence was suspected by any human, and of all others least by the parties themselves. If human nature is in any one of its mysteries, more mysterious than in any other, it is in the birth and youth of virtuous love between the sexes, and of all cases the most unseen in its growth between those who see each other every week or day, from infancy to maturity. In such breasts love is a plant rising in the same nursery with fraternal affection, and rises high before the specific difference is felt, much less observed. So sprung up the loves of Arthur Gleen and Ann Eliza Harrington, they played together as children, sported in youth, and when mature years came slowly down the current of time, they found themselves drawn towards each other by a stronger tie than that which unites the brother and sister.

For once in all the annals of love, unbroken happiness smiled on the early loves of Arther Gleen, and Ann Eliza Harrington. No rude circumstance troubled their progress towards the hour of that most solemn sacred, and indescribable event, which human institutions only witness—marriage in the true meaning of the term. To say that Arthur Gleen had no rivals would be to test credulity. He had rivals, but not one of whom were of that chivalric or noble minded character, which drives to pre-arrest to murder or suicide. Friendship in both sexes were not simply positive, they were decreases in new joined together two, whom their creator seemed to have designed for each other; and they were ground under the sanction every law Human and Divine.

In the summer of 1768, the day was warm, but fitful breezes fanned the air, coming from clouds which hung black, but not the sharing over the blue Kittatiny, as the remarkable John Lion was seen slowly toiling up the lane to Isaac Harrington's. With the merry simplicity of the place and time, groups of old and young were each in their own manner in the full flow of [illegible] enjoyment. The bride in her best attire, was anxiously awaiting the coming of him upon whom her whole of earthly hopes rested. Why anxiously did she wait? was not her hopes based on all that human virtue could promise of stability to human happiness?—Yes! such were the solid foundations of her hopes—still those foundations were human. Does not an undefined forecast of evil throw its deep shading over every human prospect? Does the most stern philosophy forbid us to say, that something of prophetic mingles with this dim and mysterious cloud? What is hope, but a like foreigner of good? And how perpetually do the two conflicting feelings struggle in our breasts, on the occurrence of any great vicissitude of our earthly existence, and from any other change in our condition bring with it as much to call forth every emotion of the mind as marriage? None, and it is the good, the kind, and the tenderly attached, who meet this change with most fear and trembling.

In the vulgar meaning of the word, Arthur Gleen had no fears, but in that meaning which the bravest acknowledge, he had fears of an unknown future—but as the sparwark of the old clergyman all fear vanished, or was banished. The little out door groups moved to the common centre, the house. The time in due time called forth and with all the solemnity of Christistic rites, Arthur Gleen and Ann Eliza Harrington were joined together, not to part except under the shades of death.

The last rude and hoarse sounds of that war, which in vulgar view consolidated British power, but in reality laid the train of its utter annihilation in North America, were sinking away on the far distance, when in the loveliest bands were wound, Arthur and Ann Eliza Gleen. But if nations who pretended to civilization, covenanted with each other to disturb the sword, they were unable to persuade or force their savage allies to bury their hatchets, and the fiercest war continued to rage along the frontiers.

In war and in peace, one revolution never ceased its progress, that was the motion of the white Anglo-American population towards the interior regions of the continent. At the end of the French war, as that waged from 1755 to 1762, has been denominated, the Susquehanna upper valleys were, what those of Ohio became, twenty years after Gleen settled in Swatara. Earth turn was to the people near the seaboard the land of Promise; and also to many, the land of very deceitful promise. But as the Pennsylvania fine experience, the tide of migration pressed on and bore with it, the pioneers of states now risen, and increasing in all the physical and mental excesses which awaken civilized life.

Two lovely babes had gladdened the hearts and excited the worldly cares of Arthur Gleen and his tender wife, when after peace seemed to beam over the land, one fine summer evening as they were sitting under a shade of their cottage door they saw old Isaac Harrington advance. On his rough but smiling visage, all the index of some to him very important cogitations. His countenance was a book his daughter had learned to read, and as she now read nothing of painful, she took a liberty never denied to her of saying, "Father, what are you thinking of which pleases you so much?"

The old man as he seated himself, taking his eldest grand child in his arms, first looking at one and then at the other of the two anxious faces before him replied, "My children, I am thinking of you—and here he stopped, and after a few moments his daughter replied, "Yes father I see you are thinking, but," and she also paused. The old man smiled and subjoined, but in rather a serious tone.

"I am thinking, we had better sell out here and remove to Wyoming." Both the husband and wife started to their feet, stood as instead and resumed their seats in unfeigned astonishment. The idea of a removal farther into the BACKWOODS, was raised in their minds as sudden and from a source of excitement to reverend, that their whole hearts were at once filled with all those fluctuating emotions, natural to prospects opened, yet vague and boundless in their consequences.

Old Mr. Harrington, though an uneducated, was a shrewd and penetrating man. He saw, and for some time left the feelings he had excited to their own workings, and then resumed, "Arthur, old Frederick Zeeman will purchase our land and pay down, and you know we can procure much more and better with the money."

His daughter, decided as she was to her husband, parents and brothers, was now a mother, and she felt all the responsibility of the step proposed, and remained silent looking at each other and their children. "We shall do," at length exclaimed her father," Ann you look just as if Arthur, myself and all your brothers were sitting out on a campaign into the Indian country."

"Father," replied the daughter, "I know not why, but I feel since you have made the proposal as if a block of ice was on my heart," and clasping her babe to her bosom, she burst into a flood of tears. A daughter's tears are eloquent, addressed to such a father as was Isaac Harrington, but trusting too much to that strong monitor, controlled his feelings and with rather affected unconcern continued.

"Hoot Anna, in whichever of us go, we'll be back in a few days, and as you need not cry about the corn, they'll be enough left to fight the weeds. Bill, you snoring whelp we cant hear our own words." Bill, however, went on with his nasal music, while Arthur after a pause observed, "Father, like Anna, I cannot my exactly why, but I feel great reluctance to leave home at this time."

"Why, what in the world has come over you both?" exclaimed the old man, not really astonished. "If you are unwilling to go down Arthur, I am willing to go myself."

"Oh! my father," interrupted the weeping wife, mother, and daughter, as she threw her arms round his neck, "do not go, any wish us."—"You'll make a fool of me Anna," replied the tender father, as you have often done before.—Well, never mind, I'll stay Anna, and for the present won by the money."

This concession restored sun-shine, and sweet was the rapture of the husband and wife, and Ann Eliza Gleen, their old father with his little grand son on his knee, in the primitive manner of the times asking a benediction on and returning thanks to the Author of all Good for the boisterous wands before them. Night threw its mantle round their dwelling, and these, new children of the distant frontier, slept as the sons and daughters of cities do not always sleep.

In her father's or husband's presence, Ann Eliza Gleen, felt reassured but if either were absent, and especially if both were absent in their ordinary labor, her fearfulness of heart returned, nor was this depression unnecessary, it increased, and it was confirmed by a report which reached the Wyoming valley, that a most sanguinary massacre of two whole families had been perpetrated on the west branch of the Susquehanna. Disguising her feelings and engaged in the care of her family, it was sometime before even her husband observed that a pale cheek and sunken eye were taking place of the once healthful face of the mother of his children. When questioned by the anxious husband the very solicitude gave confidence to the wife, and laying her head on his shoulder, and bursting into tears, and her reply not unfrequently excited an innocent laugh on both sides, and thus week succeeded week, until the green was turning to gold on the little fields of wheat along the Susquehanna.

"I'll not be persuaded out of my wits this time," said old Mr. Harrington to his children, "for our harvest will not be ripened nor yet reaped—down to Swatara I go this time." The good humored determination of their parent, and feeling as if their former fears had been idle, no opposition was made, and on a good horse on Monday June——1778—Isaac Harrington took his leave of all that was dearest to him, and set out for his former residence on Swatara. His daughter fixed her eyes on her receding father, and with speechless anxiety, expecting him every moment to look back—but he turned not his head, and the moment he disappeared amongst the forest trees, the distressed daughter with a piercing scream was saved from falling by her husband, as she exclaimed, "My Father! my father! I never more shall see him more!"

We may in imagination transport ourselves to the banks of the Pelawa Thepiki and there amid the tangled wood, behold a few wigwams scattered along the river brink, under an impending bank. At the upper part of this rude village we see a large tent or mansion, and filling the door curtain we discover three figures; one a savage chieftain, shining in silver rings, brooches and perforated pieces of money. His large muscular frame rendered more terrific by a hideous battle dress, and yet intelligent countenance. Beside the Indian chief an a man which to outward appearance was a white and civilized man, but inwardly a renegade to all that civilization taught of religion, humanity or justice. Hargrave Talbot, was born amongst the best and educated to sustain a part amongst the best human associations. His parents had early emigrated to Pennsylvania, in which they and Hargrave was born. At a suitable age he was sent to Europe, where in Great Britain, and France, all science and literature was studied with the ardour of youth, and with the ardour of a mind prone to the wildest excesses. Returned to his native country, he associated with the most abandoned characters, which drives to pre-arrest to murder or suicide. Friendless as he was he were not simply positive, they were decreases in new joined together two, whom their creator seemed to have designed for each other; and they were ground under the sanction every law Human and Divine.

This is the time for devouring novels. One cannot take the trouble to think on ship-board, but he can take in the thoughts of others, if they are easy of digestion. Book after book is read through,—for my fellow passengers are not yet sufficiently attuned to talk. I am afraid my stock of books will not hold out for I read so rapidly with so much leisure time at my disposal,—but all must be finished before I reach England, for there I intend to let the Custom House take them for duties, for a passenger tells me that at Liverpool, they made him pay a duty even on his pocket-bible. Mine are worth nothing to me after they are read—and a few Yankee books will do John Bull's officers no injury at all. By the way, always lay in a good stock of light reading when you leave for a voyage. One can relish nothing else,—and the days are so long, and there is so much of nothing to do that one will suffer much without good reading matter.—Irving's Tour of the Prairies I have been reading.—It is a delightful book,—but Irving wanted a thousand for such a journey. Compare him with Chateaubriand, he changes as quickly as the scenery around so graceful a companion as ours, even but the steamer that defies the winds and waves. Nothing can be more beautiful than the gallant ship with her sails gently swollen by the breeze, as she dashes on the quarter at night, and watches the path of phosphorescent fire that her prow casts in the water.

The very ocean seems proud of bearing on its bosom such a freight, and Neptune, as it were, plays his fire works in honour. For hours I watched the mock-moons that we had some days ago,—the ten thousand reflections of light from every variety of surface,—from the lofty and curling wave, and the broad spread ripple, extending for miles and miles, as if the whole ocean was one magnificent Vauxhall. Men talk of the sublimity of the storm,—but give me the calm, and I so often prayed for calms, that our mate has almost believed me the Jonah in the earlier part of the voyage, when that gave him "ill luck" with the winds. Give me the calm, I say, on the ocean, when I can admire in peace, with the moon and stars about me, reflecting their glorious imagery from a quiet mirror as broad as the whole horizon,—when our way is sparkling with a living light, no bright and so joyous, while the sailor is singing his merry duty, or playing some fantastic sport as if he were on shore in the circle of the family from whence he has roamed, to make his home upon the waters. These calms are happy hours for all but the anxious officers of the ship,—happy to all if they do not come, too often upon us, for then we can take note of what we have done, and sport and play, and let loose the barque in all the buoyancy of unemployed and exuberant spirits. R.

Saturday Evening Post.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1835.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The article from Columbus county, Ohio, shall appear. We appreciate fully the remarks of our correspondent, and shall be much gratified to hear from the same source again.

"The Country Beau," is on file.

Neither Obituary nor hymenical notices are inserted in this paper, without the responsibility of a known name. "L. M. W," will understand this announcement.

"An Elegy," by L. and "The Departure," by D. we decline publishing.

"The Essay on Phrenology," by A. shall be published shortly.

The article entitled "Sun Rising," signed *Cynthia A. S.* which appeared as original in the last number of the Post, we have since ascertained to be the production of a valued literary friend, by whom it was published, some years since, in one of our city papers. If it was sent to us as an article eminently worthy of republication, by an individual unacquainted with the rules of newspaper offices, there may be some excuse for the act; but if Cynthia A. S. designed to pass it off as original, we know of no word in the English language, sufficiently strong to express our contempt for the plagiarist. The individual who can be guilty of asking credit for the productions of others, in a case as palpable as the present—all honorable men must shun as the most degraded of beings, and the only wonder to us is, how such a person, loathed by the world, and contemned as he must be by himself, can dare for a moment to hold up his head in respectable society.—The finger of scorn meets him at every corner.

Littel's Museum for September, is embellished with a view of Belvidere near Erith, Kent, a very pretty and finely executed engraving. The reading contents are diversified, and embrace nearly all the meritorious articles furnished in late numbers of the English review and magazines.

Beauties of Irving.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published, in a small and very neat volume, a variety of selections from the prose writings of Washington Irving. It contains the choicest gems of his writings,—the selections being made by Mr. Irving himself—and makes a delightful book for a leisure hour.

The American Magazine for August, just published is unusually rich in instructive and entertaining articles. Among the plates are, a view of the Capitol of Virginia, at Richmond; Bethelem, in Palestine; Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, and a variety of rare birds, animals, plants, &c.

Map of Pittsburg.—A beautiful and handsomely engraved Map of Pittsburg, on a scale of 35 perches to the inch, has just been published by Messrs. Johnston and Stockton of Pittsburg. It embraces also Ross township, Allegheny town, Lawrenceville, and much of the adjacent country, in other sections, and will prove of great service to those who wish to become familiar with the localities of the city. The streets and public buildings, line of canal, public improvement, newly laid out lots, &c. are all distinctly marked, and the margin contains tables of population and references of much value. The map is executed in very handsome style, and reflects great credit on the artist.

Canning's Select Speeches.—The select speeches of the Right Honorable George Canning, a distinguished member of the British Parliament, have been published, in a large and well printed octavo, by Messrs. Key & Biddle. They will prove a rich intellectual treat to the admirers of splendid talents and great genius. The volume contains Mr. Canning's speeches on the Sardinian Treaty, on Peace with France, the Expedition to Copenhagen, the conduct of the Duke of York, the Expedition to the Scheldt, the Credit Bill, of 1810, the Report of the Bullion Committee, 1811, on the American War, the Embassy to Lisbon, the State of the Nation, Parliamentary Reform, Negotiations with Spain, Abolition of Slavery, affairs of Portugal, &c. also several election and dinner speeches, and a number of selections from Mr. C's. writings. A biographical sketch of Mr. Canning, from the pen of Robert Welsh, Esq.—by whom the volume is edited—is prefixed. The work, embracing as it does, the views and opinions of a great British statesman, on most of the important subjects which have been agitated within the last thirty years, and showing the various lights in which those questions were viewed by society at large, cannot fail to prove deeply interesting to the general reader as well as to the politician. It should have a place in every library.

More travels in America.—Another work of travels in America, from the pen of a foreigner, has lately been published in England, entitled "The Autobiography of an Irish Traveller." We have not yet seen a copy, but one was received by the Harpers, by a late packet, and its contents are noticed in a late number of the Commercial Advertiser. We append a short criticism on the book, from the Advertiser, and if the extracts given are correctly quoted, there can be no question that the "Travels" are another moonshine affair, manufactured at home.

We do not intend a review of his performance, but only to specify a few of his most exquisite blunders.—For example; he represents himself to have arrived at New York, and after a few days to have proceeded to Philadelphia: in the course of which journey he says that *"after riding several miles,* he arrived at a ferry called Powle Hook, which he crossed into the province of New Jersey." The journey to Philadelphia, (in a stage coach, be it observed,) he describes, as occupying two days and a night—the latter being passed at Bristol, where he says "the Delaware is two miles wide!" Soon after his arrival at Philadelphia, according to his own account, he joins the American army, being appointed, foreigner and stranger as he is, deputy quarter-master-general! and runs out under the command of general Washington—at least the description applies to no other American president—upon a march to the interior of the state for the purpose of quelling the famous whiskey insurrection, (which took place more than forty yrs ago,) and yet he gives a long and animated description of the rapture into which a brother Irishman, who he encountered near Carlisle, was thrown by the news of the catholic emancipation, which took place in 1829! The insurrection being quelled, he returns to Philadelphia, whence he soon after sets out upon an excursion to the western part of the state—taking care however, to provide himself with a horse, "because there are no roads practicable for waggons or other chaises, for more than twenty or thirty miles beyond Philadelphia!" On his journey—the first day out—he shoots a panther, and records the necessity of travelling armed on account of the numbers of those dangerous animals. He describes our form of government as purely elective, "because," he says, "the people elect the members of the provincial legislatures the provincial legislatures elect the congress, and the congress elects the president." But perhaps the most perfect of all his mechanicisms, is his description of the Irish emigrants, whom he represents to be the agricultural pioneers of the country; saying that it is by them all the clearances and new settlements are effected, but that their roving and unsettled disposition urging them continually forward to the uncultivated western regions, they sell their farms to the Dutch and Germans, who are always close behind them, and who enjoy the improvements and comforts originally produced by their industry and agricultural skill—that is, the industry and agricultural skill of the Irish emigrants! When it is notorious that of all the foreigners who emigrate to this country, the Irish are remarkable for clinging to the sea-ports, and are very ready found engaging in agricultural pursuits, except as mere laborers for hire.

The second and third volumes are devoted to portions of Asia and the European continent, particularly Russia; judging from the accuracy displayed by the writer in relation to the United States, his contributions to the general stock of knowledge upon the empire of the Czars must be of a most valuable character.

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with this most absurd publication, is the fact that it is from the press of the most respectable publishing house in Great Britain, since the failure of Murray—that of the Longmans.

HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW.

Dr. Bird's new novel, entitled the Hawks of Hawk Hollow, is now in press, and will be published by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, in the course of a few days. From all we can learn in relation to the merits of the work, we have formed the opinion that it adds very materially to the author's reputation, and will prove a highly popular publication. By permission of the publishers we copy a chapter, in anticipation of the publication day, and though it should not be regarded as the best specimen of the work, it will, without doubt, be read with interest.

A man of blood, being brought up in the wars
And cruel executions.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

——A very foolish, loud old man,
Four score and upwards; add, to deal plainly,
I fear, he is not in his proper mind.
King Lear.

The painter, still keeping his eyes upon the pair, pondered over that propensity of our nature, which urges even the coldest and demurest of mortals into acts of extravagance, when removed a moment from artificial restraints. The whole system of social federation is a state of enrollment and captivity, although undoubtedly a wholesome one; and he who prides y rejects its fetters, though he may personally enjoy his independence, violates that compact which separates the refined from the primitive and uncivilized states of existence, and encourages others to rush back upon the savage freedom of the latter. The preservation of a certain share of dignity is incumbent upon men, not merely as a means of holding caste, but of preventing a downslide in manners and mind. The hero may properly play at bo-peep with his children, though not at the head of his army; and, by the same rule, a fair lady may shoot and drive, play the fiddle, and race horses, to her heart's content, so long as the amusement is confined to the proper circle. For our own part, we think there is no more delightful spectacle in the world than is afforded by a troop of grown-up boydens, released from the heavy trammels of etiquette, and yielding, in all the confidence of privacy, to the wild extravagancies of freedom; though a public display of the kind would, undoubtedly, be any thing but agreeable. Such were the sentiments of the painter; and however much the young ladies may have been mortified at an introduction made in a way so boisterous and masculine, it is questionable whether any other could have caused them to produce a stronger, or even more favourable impression on his imagination. Being of a joyous temperament himself, he rejoiced at the manifestation of similar spirit in others; and only regretted that the *parentage of the most admired (for the prejudice* against the name of Falconer had been strongly avowed,) should have so soon driven away the visions of amusement and delight, that, at the glance of her brilliant eyes, came rushing through the brain.

He had scarce lost sight of them in the park, before the road again echoed with the sound of hoofs; and looking round, he beheld three young men, very genteelly dressed, ride by, and make their way to the park gate. As they passed the cottage, they turned their faces towards it, saluting the widow by name, and acknowledging the presence of the stranger by courteous nods. He perceived, however, that they were somewhat surprised, and not a little diverted, by his appearance at such a place; for they exchanged smiles, and by and by, when they had got a little beyond the brook, they were heard laughing together.

"Well done, ye vagabonds," muttered the good humoured youth to himself—"never trust me if I do not make you more in love with my lodgings than your own empty skulls, before we are many days older. There is some life in Hawk-Hollow, after all."

He had just succeeded in calling his attention to his unfinished sketch, when it was distracted for the third time by the sudden appearance of a carriage, somewhat old fashioned and grim, that rolled up to the inn at an unusual speed, and was in the act of passing it, when an old gentleman, whose head was thrust from the window, caught sight of Herman, and immediately diverted it from its course, by roaring out to the coachman, a venerable negro,—

"Hallo, you Dick! right about wheel,—turn,—halt!" and the coach, guided with ready skill, stopped at the porch-step, almost before the last word had been pronounced.

Open flew the door, for it was evident the old gentleman was too impatient to await the tardy assistance of his servant, and out flew the steps, unfolding at a kick of his foot, which immediately followed them. As he thrust himself thus hurriedly from the vehicle, Herman observed, that besides his aged appearance, he had another claim to such duties as a young man could render, in a wound lost, which, instead of displaying any of the strength and agility of the former, was battered out of shape by some ancient injury, and was pendent to a leg unquestionably infirm and halt. Seeing this, the young painter instantly stepped forward, and assisted him to descend; a courtesy that was acknowledged by a hearty gripe of the hand, and the exclamation—

"Surrender, you dog, or I'll blow your brains out!" And to complete the astonishment of the young man, he perceived, at the same moment, a great horse-pistol, which the old gentleman had whipped out of the vehicle, presented within three inches of his ear.

Astounded at such an unexpected mode of salutation, the painter could do little more than express his alarm and confusion, by echoing the word, "Surrender?" when Edie interfered in his behalf, crying out, "For Heaven's sake, Captain Loring! what are you doing? Do the young gentleman no harm!"

"*Gentleman!*" cried the Captain, somewhat staggered himself. "Adzooks! do you say so?—a gentleman? What! and so cat-throat Gilbert, hah? By the lord, I thought I had him! Why, you vagabond young fellow, give an account of yourself. Who are you? what are you? and how did you come here? You are a gentleman, hah? and you have not killed Colonel Falconer, hah? and you profess yourself to be an honest man, hah! Why, what will the world come to?"

As he spoke in these abrupt and startling phrases, Herman had leisure, notwithstanding his surprise, to observe that he was a comely, eccentric-looking old man, with a bottle-shaped nose, gray eyes, and huge beetle-brows, his whole countenance puckered into wrinkles, that seemed to begin at the tip of his nose, or on his upper lip, as a common centre, and radiate thence to all parts of his visage, though they appeared in the greatest hilariousness on the chin and forehead. His hair was clubbed, queued, and powdered; and, although he was evidently battered by time and hard service, and limped withal very uncouthly on his wounded leg, a three-cornered hat, and a half-and-half old military dress, gave him a somewhat heroic appearance. His coat was blue, his breeches buff; and he had a boot on one leg, and a shoe on the other,—or,—to speak more strictly, on the foot thereof, that being incapable of the more manly decoration. But at the present moment, it was scarce possible to obtain a just idea of his appearance or character, had Herman been cool enough for the attempt. The violence of his attack upon one in the act of rendering him a humane courtesy, indicated that he was somewhat beside himself; and it was equally plain, from the medley of expressions on his visage, agitated at once by suspicion, anxiety, indignation, fury, triumph, and doubt, that he was in a condition to be replied to rather with softness than anger. In truth, there was something so ridiculous in his appearance, as well as in the circumstance of his own unexpected arrest, that Herman was no sooner relieved of the fear of that soldier removed at the remonstrance of Edie, than he burst into a laugh, and would have indulged it freely, had not the Captain cut him short by exclaiming.

"Hark ye, ye grinning dog! is it a thing to laugh at, when a man's murdered, and you arrested on suspicion?"

"Murdered, Captain!" cried the widow, whom some of his previous ejaculations seemed to have turned into stone;—"Murdered, Captain, did you say?" she exclaimed, seizing the soldier by the arm, and wholly disregarding the presence of the painter, —"Richard Falconer murdered at inn? and by a Gilbert, when all that bore the name are in the grave? Impossible!"

"Murdered, I tell you, and given over by the doctors," roared the Captain, "and by one of the cursed Hawk-Hollow Gilberts, if there's any believing words out of his own mouth; I have it by express. And hark ye, you old beldam, if you have given shelter to the villain, never trust me if I don't turn you at a stake. Adzooks! was there ever such a thing dreamed of?—Hark ye, sir, I arrest you on suspicion."

"What, sir! on suspicion of murder!" cried Hunter, who had by this time recovered his gravity, and now spoke with as much dignity as boldness. "If you have any authority to apprehend me, I am your prisoner, and will accompany you to the nearest magistrate. This is the most extraordinary circumstance in the world; and let me tell you, sir,"—but he was interrupted by the widow; who, still grasping the Captain's arm, although he strove to cast her off, exclaimed,

"Do no rash folly with the young man. Look at him—does he look like a Gilbert? You are mad to think it, Captain Loring!"

Then, as if satisfied that such argument was sufficient to acquit her lodger of all suspicion, she again turned her questions; and Herman, giving ear to the Captain, gathered from his broken and impetuous expressions, that assassination had been committed, or rather attempted, for it did not appear that the victim was dead,) upon the body of Colonel Falconer, who had been so lately the subject of his thoughts and conversation,—that the outrage had been perpetrated at, or near, the metropolis of the State,—that suspicion had fallen upon a man long esteemed honest,—and that Captain Loring, in the fervour of his indignation and zeal to bring the assassin to justice, being never very notorious for the wisdom of his actions, had resolved to seize upon all suspicious persons,—that is to say, all strangers,—he might light on, without much question of his right to do so, until he had caught the true offender, who, he doubted not, being a refugee and a Gilbert, would be found lurking about the Hawk's Hollow. It seemed, that the suddenness of the intelligence had overpowered the veteran's brain, and left him as incapable of distinguishing the appearances of innocence from those of guilt, as of understanding the illegal character of his proceedings; yet, being a man of impulses, excitable both in head and heart, his suspicions were as easily diverted as inflamed; and, accordingly, after having come within an ace of shooting a pistol through the painter's head, his next act was to seize upon him in the most affectionate manner in the world, crying out by way of apology,

"Harkee, younker,—odzo-ks, no ill blood between us? When my blood's up, I'm an old fool, d'ye see. Didn't mean to insult you; and as for shooting, that's neither here nor there. But when we're at a deserter, spy, refugee, murderer, or such dogs, why quick's the word, and 'Fall in, friend,' the order of the day. Must catch the villain, and take account of all skulking fellows without the counter-sign. Here's bloody murder in the wind. The old woman says you are a gentleman; so, gentleman, as you were! Adzooks, you look no more like a Gilbert than a mud-terrapin; but all honest men answer to their names—what's yours?"

"Hunter,—Herman Hunter," replied the young man; "and, if need be, I can easily convince you that I am no object of suspicion."

"Don't doubt it; you've an excellent physiognomy,—very much like my poor son Tom's," cried the soldier, now as much struck with the open and agreeable countenance of the stranger, as he had been before blinded by his own impetuosity. "I like you! You're a soldier, hah? Where do you come from?"

"From South Carolina," said Hunter, exchanging the serious mood in which he first submitted to examination, for one more characteristic of his humorous temper. He began to understand and even relish the oddities of the inquisitor; and as the Captain's questions were now put in a tone indicative of good will and admiration, and it was evident his turbulent feelings were giving way rapidly before others of a new character, he seemed disposed not only to endure, but to encourage the ordeal.

"From South Carolina?" cried the Captain. "Too many tories there by half! But then you have some men there; yes, sir, some men, whom I call men! Sumpter, sir, and Marion, and—why I can't call to mind more, now, sir! I like this sweep-fighting, too; I was brought up to it,—took my first lesson among red Delawares, and ended with Mingoes and Shawanese. A good swale at Eutaw, too, sir, it was, by the lord!" exclaimed Captain Loring, warming into such a flame of military ardour at the recollection, that he quite forgot the object of his delay, and the examination of his lieutenant into the bargain;—"a good tussle," (without saying any thing of my friend Morgan's rub-a-dub-dub at the Cowpens,)—a good tussle! And such glorious weather, too, when a man could fight and keep cool! Now I remember, that, at the fatal field of Braddock, ninth July, '55, it was the hottest work, what with the weather, what with the savages, what with the stupid cockney red-coats, that man ever saw,—an oven above, and a furnace all round; it was all blood and sweat, sir!—the wounded were boiled in their own gore. It was a day, sir, to make a man a man, sir,—it taught me to smell gunpowder! Is was there, sir, I first looked in the face of George Washington,—a poor colonial buck-skin colonel then, but now, adzooks, the greatest man the world ever saw! Harkee, sir, have you served? have you much powder? have you heard a trumpet? have you ever fought a battle?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the young man, with humour; "I have inflicted bloody noses, and received them. I was quite a Hector at school; and, as long as you stop short of killing, I am a Hector yet. But I never could find any appetite in me for bullets and broad-swords; and as for a bayonet, I think it the most inhuman weapon in the world. Noble Captain, I am a non-combatant—a man of peace."

"Hah!" cried the Captain, indignantly; "and how comes that? An able-bodied man, with your bleeding country calling on you, and no fight in you? Sir, let me tell you, sir, such a pair of legs should have been devoted to the service of your country, sir! Look you, sir, my son, Tom Loring was only eighteen years old, when he fought his battle on the Brandywine; and a whole year before, he was cpe for a rub, as he often told me. How comes it, sir, you have grown out of your teens, and never faced an enemy? Zounds, sir, I was beginning to have a good opinion of you!"

"There is no accounting for it, Captain, except—"

"Hark ye, Mr. Wharf'ye-call-it," said the soldier, the good feelings with which he was beginning to regard the youth, giving place at once to contempt and indignation, "there is every thing in having the right sort of blood for these things, and you have no blood at all. I do opine you, sir, and, adzooks, I believe you are some suspicious person after all, and very contemptible, for all of your red jacket.—Hollos, Dick, there! help me into the carriage."

And thus venting his disgust, and preparing to put the seal to his displeasure by instant departure, the young man was on the point of losing a friend so suddenly won, when, fortunately for him, the Captain's eye fell upon the little table with the drawing materials, which he had not before observed, and walking up to it, he began, without a moment's hesitation, to examine the unfinished sketch. The effect was instantaneous; the successful of his own dwelling, transferred, with not a little skill, to paper, though only in light lead marks, and so accurately that he instantly detected (as appeared to him wonderful enough) the windows of his own sleeping apartment, threw him into such transports, that he seemed on the point of dancing for joy, as he would perhaps have done, had it not been for the infirmity of his extremity.

"Lord bless us!" said he, "here's the Folly! the identical old Folly, with the grape-vine, the stables, the negro-houses, the locust grove, the three tulip-trees, the jut in the chimney, and the old mansion-house on a pole! And here's my two negroes, Dick and Sam, at the gate, driving the cows out of the park!"—

"No, Captain," said Herman with a painter's dignity; "those are the two young ladies; and I flatter myself, when I have done a little more to them"—

"My girls?" cried the Captain in a rapture; "why, so they are! And you did this? and you're a painter, hah?"

"A sort of one, as you see, Captain," replied the youth, with an air.

"A painter!" cried the Captain, grasping his hand, with delight. "Can you paint a soldier, hah?"

"Ay," replied the youth, "if he'll hold still long enough."

"And cannon, and horses, and smoke, and trees, and a dreadful splutter of blood and dead men, hah? Then, by the lord, you shall paint me the Fatal Field of Braddock, with the red-coats and the continentals, the savages and the Frenchmen,—and Braddock, lugged off on men's shoulders,—and George Washington rallying the colony-boys for another charge on the red-skins! What a picture that will make! I'll tell you what, Mr. Hackem Wharf'-ye-call-it, you shall come to my house, drink and be merry, and then you shall paint me that picture. You shall paint me the battle of Brandywine, too, with my poor Tom Loring bleeding to death, like a hero, as he was; and hark ye, you may bring me in, too, holding him on my knee,—for I did it,—and telling him to die like a man,—for an old fool, as I was, to think he could die like any thing else! And such in my girl, too, if you can, weeping and wringing her hands, when I carried Tom Loring home that day. And remember the bugles and trumpets, blasting up for the charge of cavalry; you should have heard them sweeping by, just as Tom was dying. It was the finest sound in nature!" continued the Captain, vehemently, and as he spoke, dashing a tear from his eye; "the finest music ever heard; as Tom acknowledged himself; "Father!" said he, as he bled in my arms, 'it is not hard to die to such music, for I hear our own trumpets among the others!" And so died Tom Loring; he went to heaven amid thunder and trumpets; and if I had seven sons more, I should wish nothing better for them, than that they might go to heaven the same way,—I would, by the lord! For why? there's no way that's better!"

There was something in this eccentric burst of ardour, which, however ludicrous it seemed, touched some of the finer feelings of the painter, and checked the laugh which he could scarce repress, when the Captain began his energetic instructions. Not being disposed to accept commissions so capriciously proffered, or to undertake a composition, in which, it was evident, if he hoped to please his employer, he must mingle together as many different scenes and actions as would furnish subjects for a whole gallery, and desiring to temper his refusal to the peculiarities of his patron, he was puzzling himself in what way to express it, when his good fortune sent him aid in the person of another stranger, who, as the capricious stars would have it, designed, like himself to make trial of the accommodations of the Traveller's Rest.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

A Mother in search of her Child.—A little boy, not yet six years of age, named Francis W. Franklin, was taken from his mother about a year ago, and notwithstanding she has made the most diligent inquiries from that period up to the present time, she has been unable to learn any tidings of him. He has light hair and light blue eyes. Any information in relation to him will be gratefully received by his afflicted parent, Elizabeth Franklin, No. 91 North Sixth street.

A young married man named Joseph Freer, while gunning on Sunday near the Point House, was accidentally shot by his companion. The load of the gun entered the leg near the knee. The bone was so shattered that amputation was necessary; but the loss of blood had been so great that the sufferer expired shortly after the operation.

Southwark.—The new market houses in Shippen street, extending from Third to Fifth streets, are now raised, and from present appearances, they bid fair to be splendid structures. The roofs are supported by iron pillars, which take up very little room, and extend so far outside of the stalls, as to place under cover the vegetable dealers who may have their stands there. The street has been greatly widened, so as to give ample space all around the markets, and a free circulation of air.

Muhlenburg Ticket for the County.—A correspondent informs us that the following gentlemen have been placed in nomination as members of the State Legislature, by the Muhlenburg men of this county:—

Richard Rush,	J. Rupert,
Charles V. Heger,	Alexander M. Fehr,
Wm. Deal,	Thos. J. Heston,
Jacob J. Snyder,	Joseph M. Doran.

The Philadelphia and Inland Navigation and Fire Insurance Company have established an agency at Towanda, Bradford County, Pa.

Union Canal Company.—During the week ending Sept. 5th, the tolls received amounted to $3,478,20.—Total receipts this season, $109,998 75.

Schuylkill Navigation Company.—The tolls received for the week ending the 5th inst. amount to $13,-116 10. Former report, $268,499 30. Total receipts this season, $281,615 40.

Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.—Despatched during the week ending 5th inst, 134 boats carrying 4,458 tons 18 cwt. of coal. The total receipts this season, have been 2,337 boats freighted with 83,-168 tons.

Gen. Samuel Smith, was on Monday last elected Mayor of Baltimore. The vote stood, for Smith 5,190—for Moses Davis 1611. Smith's majority 3,579 votes.

It is said that Judge Shaler will not accept the President's appointment as Secretary of Michigan—that Territory has now neither Governor nor Secretary.

The Carlisle Herald is dressed in mourning in consequence of the death of Mr. Henry L. Spriggs, the editor and proprietor of that paper. Mr. S. was known as an amiable man, of steady habits and strict integrity. The administrators of Mr. S. have offered for sale the establishment of the Herald.

Mrs. Julia Ball, an old lady of 76, died very suddenly at St. Peter's Hill, Stamford, on Saturday. Her sister was reading aloud, from a newspaper the account of a sudden death, when the deceased remarked, "that will be my case some time;" the words had scarcely been uttered ere she fell from her chair, and in less than five minutes was a corpse.

The Boston Gazette of Wednesday says—"The steamboat Portland arrived yesterday from Portland, with *four hundred and seventeen passengers.* Receipts during the passage about $1300—1200 of which were clear profits! This is "coining" money with a vengeance."

By a law of Virginia, it appears that every black in the State who has been free more than twelve months, must leave the State or forfeit his or her right to freedom. This law has not been put in force for many years. Preparations are now making, however, to put the law in operation, and drive all free blacks from the State.

A whale that was making his way quietly up the Chesapeake bay, was pursued and *Lynched.* It is probable that the person engaged in the act, will make "light of the matter."

Beware how you handle Spirit Gas.—A lamp-lighter, at the Rotunda Theatre, recently opened an argand lamp, and then commenced filling them. The vapor of the spirituous matters took fire, and communicating with the combustible contents of the can, an explosion took place, the lamplighter's clothes took fire, and for a short time he was in a perilous predicament.—By the aid of others, however, the fire was extinguished, but not until he was scorched severely.—Lamplighters should learn to fill their lamps before they light them.

A Whale of an Eel.—It is reported in the Albany Daily Advertiser, that an eel weighing *thirty five* pounds, has recently been caught in the Thames river, in Connecticut. Such an eel, when it was the fashion for yankees to wear their hair long, would have been invaluable on account of the size of his skin, for making queues. But we cannot consider the Daily Advertiser as good authority for these large stories, since it swallowed the enormous one of the "lunar discoveries."

The way to succeed.—"I owe my success in business chiefly to you," said a stationer to a paper-maker, as they were settling a large account; but let me ask how a man of your caution came to give credit so freely to a beginner with my slender means?" "Because," replied the paper maker, "at whatever hour in the morning I passed to my business, I always observed you without your coat at yours."

There is truly "a world of wisdom" in the above little anecdote.

A curious manuscript has lately come to light in London, by which it appears that one hundred and fifty years ago, the Earl of Bath proposed to Lord Norreys, to sell the whole State of New Jersey for the sum of about twenty-five thousand dollars.

Reverse of Fortune.—Major Noah says—"How often have we stood in Broadway, and seen with pride the nurse who carried us in her arms when we were an infant, roll by in her splendid carriage and equipage. She was a good girl and married in our father's house to an honest but poor young man, who became rich."

It is probable that Gen. Harrison and Francis Granger will be the candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, adopted by the opposition in the State of New York.

Charges have been preferred against the Rev. Mr. McDowell, editor of the McDowell's Journal published in New York, which represent him as a villain and swindler. These charges are made by a Society with which he has been connected.

At a late celebration of the anniversary of American Independence, a poor man offered the following toast—"Here is a health to *Poverty*, it sticks by when all other friends forsake him."

In the last election for Carnarvon, Wales, a Mr. Edwards, a shoemaker, proposed himself as a candidate, and in an address to the voters, adds the following tempting postscript: "P. S. There will be a tripe supper given on Tuesday!"

The culture of the silk worm is beginning to attract attention in England. As a preparatory movement, a company at Norwich, has planted 1000 Mulberry trees. We set them the example in this as well as in steam. The Valentine Silk Company, at Providence, is said to be in full operation, and its products are not inferior to those of the French manufactories.

A few days ago a white man, picking his way over a muddy street, came face to face with a negro, who had possession of the dry path. The white man pushed the negro aside, and passed on. At this Cuffy was monstrously offended. "Why," said he, "the white people here are getting almost as saucy as they are in Charles on!"—New Orleans American.

The following is a list of the members elected to the next Congress from Alabama: Dixon H. Lewis, Reuben Chapman, Joshua L. Martin, Joab Lawler, and Francis S. Lyon.

The Buffalo board of Health on the 3d inst. reported 13 deaths by Cholera since their report of the 27th ult. The Cleveland (O.) Herald states that the fatal epidemic prevails at Milan, to the immediate vicinity of that place, and that several had died of it.

It is stated that a patent has been taken out for a *machine* to cure the dyspepsia. We will warrant a cure with this machine, be it what it may, if it requires active and moderate labour in its use. Jonathan has let the nail on the head.—*Freedonian.*

Musselman Industry.—I have never seen a Turk work, if there was a possibility of his being idle. I have never seen one stand, it, by any possibility, he could be seated. A blacksmith sits cross-legged at the anvil, and a carpenter seats himself when he saws, bores holes, or drives a nail, or planes, dubs with his small adze, or chops with his hatchet, if it be possible to do without standing.—[Letters from Constantinople.

A "suspicious character" has been driven out of Kent co. Md. He called himself Simon Cochran.—He could not give a good account of himself, and was ordered to move. These are bad times for "suspicious characters."

It is a most interesting fact, that the Scotch peasant who sheltered prince Charles, after his defeat at Culloden, and when the price of £30,000 was put upon his head, was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow!

The Plague.—It is calculated that the number of lives lost in Egypt, by the present visitation of the plague, is not less than 140,000.

The New Orleans papers speak in desponding terms of the prospects of the sugar and cotton crops.

There are about thirty pounds of blood in the human body, and exactly two hundred and forty-eight bones.

Cheap Receipt for Good Coffee.—Borrow of your neighbour who buys the best Java, at a shilling per pound, and pay in what costs you but nineteen. The same course may be pursued with teas, butter, bread, &c. and all the necessaries of the table. If the quality and all the necessaries of the table. If the quality and all the necessaries of the table. If the quality should happen to be the same, deduct in quantity. A friend happen to be the same, deduct in quantity. A friend of ours, however, who found himself thus purveying for a sponging neighbour at considerable personal inconvenience, cruelly routed him by laying aside the identical article returned, to lend him the next time he identical article returned, to lend him the next time he called. Your inveterate borrower can no more drink his own coffee, than a physician can take his own physic.

Tragedy.—The New York Journal of Commerce says:—"A tragical affair occurred at No 6 Monroe street, on Saturday morning. A man residing there, on returning home, found his "domestic relations" involved in a manner most likely to arouse the jealousy of a husband to the highest degree. He shot the offender dead on the spot, and then hung himself; but the rope was cut too soon for the accomplishment of his object in this respect."

A Mrs. Linnell was on Thursday charged, before the mayor, with *biting off a piece of her husband's ear!* and otherwise maltreating him.

Capt. Rose, of schr. Gen. Arnold at Salem on Tuesday, from Africa, reports that the markets were very dull on the Kroh Coast. There were twenty-four sail of ships and brigs at Angola, waiting for cargoes of slaves.

The New Custom House, New York.—A writer in the Evening Post—evidently some person employed about the concern—says, "There will not be found about the whole building when done, a single stick of timber or a piece of wood as large as a hickory rail."

Professor Olmsted, and Mr. Loomis, of Yale College, have published a card in the New Haven Herald, in which they state that on the night of the 31st ult. they saw the comet. "Its present position is north of the Bull's Horns, a little below the vertex of an equilateral triangle, formed with those two stars. It is nearly in a line between the planet Jupiter and the Pleiades of seven stars, and nearer to the former."

A Person of Taste.—A French cook refused to accompany the duke of Richmond to Ireland, with a salary of £1800 per annum, because there *was no Italian opera in Dublin.*

Wool.—Extensive sales have been made in this vicinity during the last two or three weeks, at prices considerably in advance of last year. Large quantities raised in Chesterfield and Cumming'ton, have just been sold to the eastern manufacturers at sixty-four cents, and Mr. Bates of this town has disposed of his entire fleece at eighty-two cents. The farming districts never were better, as the whole vegetable world promise most exuberant crops.—*Northampton Gaz.*

The cholera is raging at Lexington, Ky. to a frightful degree; the stores are closed, and the utmost consternation prevails in the town.

The order of Jesuits has been abolished in Spain.—We presume we shall be favoured with their presence in this country.—*Alb. Adv.*

Two Gamblers Fined.—Two fellows have been fined $500 each in St. Louis—one for keeping a *Roulette* table, and the other a *Faro* bank. This is better than applying the *Lynch* code.

A Saco (Maine) Yankee, has invented a new specie of paint, made from the common soap stone, which is said to be superior to white lead, and not half so expensive.

Along May is shewing her *little feet* to the *beaux* and *belles* of Providence.

Joice Heth left Providence the moment Miss Along May entered it; she declared she would not remain where such impositions as the Caucus were exhibited; "they," said Joice, "talk about the *antiquity* of their country—why I recollect India before it was inhabited."

The naval force of Great Britain, by the last official returns, consists of 573 ships of war, carrying from one to one hundred and twenty guns each, of different calibre, and employing, in time of peace, 20,000 able seamen, and 1000 boys.

Newspaper harpers are a nuisance to newspaper takers, and robbers of newspaper printers. But it is of no use to talk upon the subject, for we believe with the Advertiser, a clever little paper printed at Bangor, that a "man so lost to decency as to be in the constant practice of borrowing newspapers in this country, when they may be bought so cheap, cannot be reformed by any thing that can be said on the subject."

Mr. Henry Wagstaff, a tailor in Kensington, near London has been fined £10 for forcibly kissing Miss Catherine Fagan, a pretty young girl in his employ.

A man in Norfolk lately rode a poney 18 miles within the hour for £20; but the act of barbarous cruelty was soon followed by the death of the animal.

The other evening, at a country theatre, the blind man in Pizzarro owed the unusual measure of applause which greeted his second appearance to the fact of his wearing spectacles—a new reading, which was fully appreciated by the audience.

Savings banks are greatly on the increase in France. There are now 134 authorised banks for deposits.—The investments in stock on account of these establishments during the last month amounted to 1,184,-000fr. The capital stock on the 30th of June was 50,-000,000fr, or two millions sterling.

"I cannot pay for this steak Mr. Stallfed," said a purchaser to the butcher, "unless I've nothing but a one dollar note and no change to give it." "I don't mind that" said the butcher, "its not unlawful to take it—so hand it out and here's the change." The Regency cannot possibly stop every hole in the law.—*Ib.*

Discovery of the remains of the persons burned at the late Fire in Fulton St.

On Monday morning part of the bones of two human bodies, nearly burned to cinders, were found in the ruins of the house 115 Fulton street. The coroner held an inquest on them, and it was satisfactorily proved that they were bones of David Carlisle, aged 67 years, and Andrew Wyeth, aged 35 years, who unfortunately perished in the late fire.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

State of Printing in Portugal.—In Lisbon there are only two printing offices; the one publishes a weekly newspaper, and employs four compositors and two pressmen—the other prints a semi-weekly paper, and employs six compositors and two pressmen. In Oporto there are three printing establishments upon a similar scale, one of which is supported by the English merchants, and the work executed in it is chiefly in the English language. The types are of a very inferior description, and the press is an extremely rude and inefficient machine—the impression being imparted from the types to the paper by the weight of a large stone, which is raised and lowered by a rope and pulley attached to the ceiling!

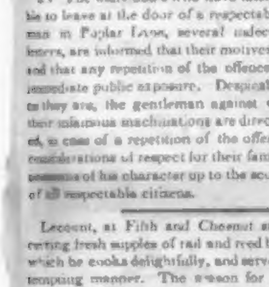
Etymology.—To run a thing through,—and run through are alike in their etymology, yet how different in use! For example—To run through a book—to run a book through; to run over—to over run. Sair, said a Frenchman, who was always catching at what he called idiotisms in our language, and had taken a great fancy to one

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rich well, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 11, 1835.

Ashes..... pearl		Sugar-house	47 49
Pot, do	4 62	do. N. York	49 50
Pearl, do	6 75 7 00	do. Philad	43 46
BUTTER.....		do. Boston	46 50
Tub, lb		Trinidad	32
Extra hog No. 1	11½ 13	Porto Rico	31 35
No. 2	10 11½	English French Isl	28 31
No. 3	10 11	Hav & Matanzas	28 31
COAL		MACKEREL	
Lehigh, ton	4 50 4 75	No. 1, bbl	8 50
Schuylkill,	4 50 4 75	No. 2,	7 50
COFFEE...Duty ..free....		No. 3,	4 50
Java, lb	13 14	OIL	
St. Domingo,	11½ 12	Linseed, Am from	
Porto Rico,	12 13½	store,	1 00 1 04
Cuba,	11½ 12½	do. Dutch,	
Laguira,	11½ 12	Whale, gal.	42 45
Rio,	12 13	Sperm, winter,	1 05
COTTON...Duty 3 cts per lb.		do. summer	93
Louisiana,	14 21	PLASTER PARIS	
Mobile,	13 21	Delaware, ton	2 62½ 2 50
N. Ala. and Tus	14 21	In Schuylkill	2 37½ 2 50
N. C. and Geo.	13 20	SEEDS	
S. C. and Va.	13 20	Clover, bush	3 50 4 37½
PROVISIONS		Flaxseed, clean	1 70
To Pittsburgh, personal		do. clean seed	
Mess bbl	1 12½ 3 00	Timothy, bbls	1 50 1 75
FLOUR and MEAL		Herds, bush	
Superfine, bbl	5 75	Orchard grass,	2 00 2 12½
Fine,	5 50	WHISKEY	
Rye,	4 12½	Hhds & bbls	26 30½
Middling,	4	do. bbls	25
Corn meal,	3 87½ 4 00	do. from wagons	35
do. in bbls.	18 25	WOOL	
GRAIN		Pulled, factory fleece,	
Rye Pennsylv.	80 82	do.	73
Rye, Southern,	76 82	Am. wash, full'd	70 75
Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 18 1 21	do. 1 blood,	65
do. South bush	1 18 1 22	do. ¼ blood,	60
Corn, L. C. yellow,	74	do. 1 and com.	45
do. L. C. prime,	84	Am. unwash. full'd	85 87
do. C. C. round,	84 85	do. ½ blood,	82
Corn, Pennsylv.	81 82	do. ¼ blood,	81
Southern,	77 78	do. 1 and com.	75
Barley, Eastern,		Spanish, pulled lambs,	30 32
do. Pennsyl.		No. 1, do.	28
Rye,		No. 2, do.	25
Oats,		No. 3, do.	20
Meal, Kiln dried	13 14	Spanish, R. F. & B	25
New Orleans,		do. lambs,	75



☞ We are again under the necessity of refering to the fact, that a very large number of our subscribers are in arrears, some for one year, some for two, and a few for a still longer period, who have abused our clemency in permitting their names to remain on our books. To many we have sent bills and circulars, time after time, without effect, and disagreeable as it is to us, in any case, to use coercive measures in collecting our just dues, we fear the pertinacity of a number, to retaining our honest claims, will render that course indispensably necessary. We are disposed to make one more effort to reach the feelings of delinquents, and to give one more opportunity to those in arrears, to remit the amount of their bills, before the relationship between them and us is broken. We are now much in need of funds, having heavy bills for paper, printing materials, labour, &c. to meet in a short time, and we earnestly request all who are in arrears to make a prompt remittance to us by mail, or to settle immediately with the nearest agent.—Those who have not been furnished with bills, will have no difficulty in ascertaining the amount of their dues, by referring to the date of their last receipt.—Subscribers who owe for one year, should send us a five dollar note, which will pay for one year in advance. Receipts by mail, in all cases are acknowledged in the paper, so that the subscriber who sends, is informed of the safe arrival of his money.

All our agents are particularly enjoined to make a renewed effort for the collection of arrearages, and all who have funds in their hands, belonging to this establishment, are requested to make immediate remittances.

☞ The individuals who have lately taken the trouble to leave at the door of a respectable young gentleman in Poplar Lane, several indecent anonymous letters, are informed that their motives are understood, and that any repetition of the offence, will lead to an immediate public exposure. Despicable and degraded as they are, the gentleman against whose character their infamous machinations are directed, is determined, in case of a repetition of the offence, to waive all considerations of respect for their family, and hold the persons of his character up to the scorn and contempt of all respectable citizens.

Lecount, at Fifth and Chesnut street, is daily receiving fresh supplies of rail and reed birds, plover, &c. which he cooks delightfully, and serves up in the most tempting manner. The season for good eating, always finds Lecount ready to serve those who know how to appreciate the delicate touches of his consummate skill in the science of cooking.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The managers of the Philadelphia Museum have made arrangements with "the Twins," to remain in the city for a few weeks. They may be seen at the Museum in the Arcade, every evening. The Twins are about to sail for France.

GAS LIGHTS.

The Philadelphia Gas Company are progressing very rapidly in their operations for supplying the city with gas. The works on the Schuylkill, near the Permont bridge, are already roofed in, and will be completed very soon. Distribution pipes, reaching an extent of five miles, have already been laid in our principal streets, and two miles more will be finished in the course of a few weeks. Arrangements will be made for lighting 300 public lamps with gas, and it is confidently believed that by the 1st of November, this splendid improvement will be in full and successful operation. That the work will be a great advantage to the city, and at the same time pay handsome interest on the original investment, there cannot be a question.

Edwards, of the American Coffee House, is pushing himself rapidly forward, in his line of business.—He serves up excellent turtle soup, and the most delicious turtle steaks that ever delighted the eyes and tickled the palate of an epicure. Those who are fond of good living should give him a trial.

Mr. Cross, late leader of the orchestra of the Chesnut street Theatre, proposes to give a concert of vocal and instrumental music, at the Musical Fund Hall, on the evening of the 23d instant. He will be assisted by Miss Watson, and a number of his professional friends.

It is stated that the notorious Robert Potter, of North Carolina, is now engaged in organizing the militia of Texas to oppose the Mexican troops.

Some of our contemporaries, we perceive, persist in attributing "Miriam Coffin," to *Mr. Jenks*, of the Nantucket Inquirer. Mr. Jenks is an excellent writer, and one capable of writing, no doubt, a very good novel, but the honor of the authorship of "Miriam Coffin," belongs to another, who, in despite of all entreaties, persists in preserving his incognita. He is a capital good fellow and we have not the heart to expose him.

In consequence of the advance in the price of provisions in New York, the hotel keepers have raised the price of board from $1,50 to $2,00 per day, and from 10 to 15 dollars per week. For dinners they charge 75 cents instead of 50. The hotels which have taken these measures are, the City, the American, Franklin, Clinton, Mansion House, Atlantic Hotel, Congress Hall, and Mrs. Mann's and E. Mann's boarding-houses. The smaller houses will be very likely to profit by this arrangement.

The age of false prophets appears to be revived, if we may form an opinion from the number of "Lo heres and Lo theres," which are scattered over our country. The Mormonites are flourishing in a number of places, and the pretensions of the impostor Matthias, as preposterous and wicked as they are, are not exceeded by those of a fellow named Cochran, who is now flourishing in the east. The Springfield Republican says he pretends to be a prophet of the Most High, and to possess the power of working miracles. In that town he made some proselytes and founded a small sect of religionists; but his name and character soon ascertained, and he made off to Strafford, N. H. taking with him some of his deluded followers, a number of whom were young females. It is said he has since more than once visited South Hadley in disguise. In 1819, this arch villain was tried in Maine, on three indictments for adultery, and sentenced to the Massachusetts State Prison for three years. He deserves a residence there during his natural life.

THE FALLS OF BEAVER.

In another column the reader will find a very satisfactory description of the new town of Brighton and the Falls of Beaver, in Beaver county, Pa. unquestionably one of the most interesting sections of country in this state. Emigrants who leave the Atlantic states under an impression that there is nothing between the ocean and the extreme west, worthy of their attention, make a great mistake, and from this cause many extensive tracts of land, so rich and so luxuriant as any the sun ever shone upon, have been entirely overlooked, and allowed to remain in an unimproved and unproductive state. This may be said of many sections of Pennsylvania, and it applies, with great force, to Beaver county, and the adjacent country. In the vicinity of Brighton, as our correspondent remarks, there are natural advantages and facilities for enterprise and wealth, which those unacquainted with the place, are totally unable justly to appreciate, owing to their number, greatness and extent.

Public attention, however, has recently been directed to this place. Our canals and rail-roads are forcing upon the reflecting portion of our community, strong and irrefragable proofs of the value of land in the vicinity of Brighton, the situation of which, from the facility and cheapness of transporting produce to the sea-board, cannot fail very soon to be on a level, in advantage, with the older settlements in the vicinity of the Atlantic cities. With regard to the valley of the Beaver river, it may be noted that the commissioners chosen by congress to select the best site for a national armoury on the western waters, gave this place a decided preference over all others west of the mountains. A reference to the map of the United States will show the wisdom of this selection. Its commanding and central situation, from which supplies of arms and ammunition could be conveyed, with great convenience, to New Orleans, by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to the east by canals and rail-roads, to the lakes by canals, and to any point on the western frontier, must be apparent to any one who will regard its locality with attention. Eventually Brighton will become a great thoroughfare, and probably a celebrated stopping place for travellers, on their way west from Philadelphia, and returning east from the Falls of Niagara, Lake Erie and Ohio. The scenery in the neighbourhood is delightful, and the natural resources of the country, such as cannot fail to interest the scientific gentlemen as well as the enterprising farmer or manufacturer.

We shall publish in our next, an interesting geographical description of Beaver county, from a pen of a gentleman entirely familiar with the country.

ARCHERY.

The association of "United Bowmen," of this city, celebrated their sixth anniversary, on Wednesday last, by a public exhibition, and as is usual on such occasions, three premiums were contended for. The association comprises gentlemen of high respectability and influence, attached to the pleasant and useful exercise of the bow. They hold a charter from an ancient Archery club of England, of which they have all been elected honorary members. They meet for practice once a week, and many of the members have acquired great skill in shooting with the bow and arrow.

No previous exhibition excited so much attention as that on Wednesday last, the number of spectators present on the occasion, being but little short of fifteen hundred. The shooting ground is at the country seat of Mr. Norris, back of Turner's lane, a place distinguished for beautiful scenery, and admirably adapted to the exercise. Turner's lane was lined with carriages and vehicles of every description—of which there were about 300—and the display of beauty and fashion on the premises, was such as has rarely been witnessed in this city. The lawn immediately in front of Mr. Norris's house was appropriated for the exhibition, and an area, about fifty yards wide and one hundred and thirty long, was lined off with stakes and cords for the bowmen. Along these lines the audience were seated on benches. In the centre of the area, on the east side, a tent was erected, from which Johnson's band, in military dress, discoursed most eloquent music, and opposite the tent, and immediately in front of the spectators, was placed a table, tastefully decorated with flowers, upon which stood the prizes to be presented to the most skilful shooters. The bowmen, fourteen in number, were all dressed in a neat uniform, consisting of a green frock coat, trimmed with gold, and an arrow on the collar; green caps, very neat in appearance, white pantaloons, and black leathern belt, holding a box for the arrows. The bows and arrows were of the most approved pattern, and each member's arrows were painted differently, so as to be recognized without difficulty. There were four targets, two being placed at each end of the area, at a distance of eighty yards. The company was divided into two classes, seven for each target, and one of each advanced at the same time, and discharged their arrows. When all had discharged their arrows, the members proceeded in files of two, marching to music, to the other extremity of the lawn, where the hits on the targets were marked by the captain, and the arrows collected. The exercise was then resumed, the bowmen shooting at the targets they had just left, on the opposite side. Various rings were marked, in different colours, on the targets, the centre being gold, a bit in which counted nine. The next circle counted seven, the next five, the next three, and the outer circle one. Near each target stood a colored lad, with silk flags—corresponding in colour with the circles on the target—which were waived every time the colour on the board was hit. An arrow in the centre, elicited a flourish of trumpets from the band.

The exercises were continued for more than two hours, during which time the interest felt in the proceedings by the audience had greatly increased, when the hits were counted. The contest was a very close one, and the result was as follows:

The first prize, the company's bowl, a beautiful silver vessel, weighing 150 ounces, and bearing various devices, was won by *Mr. Franklin Peale*, he having 37 shots, counting 144.

The second prize, a handsome silver arrow, was won by S. P. Griffits, Jr. who counted, in 33 shots, 129.

The third prize, a silver vessel cup—which is given for the arrow placed nearest to the centre of the target, without reference to the number previously gained, was won by Mr. W. H. W. Darley, at the last shot in the afternoon.

The custom of the company is, that the winner of the first premium, retains possession of the prize for one year—during which time he is required to place upon it some suitable inscription—when it again becomes the property of the club.

The premiums were presented to the winners, by Mr. Krumbaar, captain of the day, in a neat and appropriate address.

Late in the afternoon the company separated, and we doubt whether one left the ground with any other feelings than delight and satisfaction, as well towards the exhibition itself, as to the courtesy of the "United Bowmen." The arrows which they discharged, and the hits which they made—interesting as they were without doubt—were, however, unimportant and harmless, compared with the effect of other arrows which were discharged with unerring precision and fatal accuracy, from the bright and laughing eyes of many who graced the exhibition. In the words of our friend Chandler the united bowmen, were not the only bowmen of the afternoon.

The official returns of votes cast at the late election for members of Congress in Rhode Island, present a very embarrassing difficulty, inasmuch as they elect three persons to that dignified and honorable station, while the state is only entitled to two. The law of Rhode Island in relation to elections, requires that to effect a choice, the candidate must receive a majority of the whole number of votes polled. The result of the late election was as follows:—Mr. Burges received 3884 votes, Mr. Cranston 3675, Mr. Pearce 3703, Mr. Sprague 3314, and scattering 11—total 15,385. The one-fourth of these totals, which exhibits the whole number of votes polled, is 3846¼, consequently Messrs. Pearce, Sprague, and Burges, have each received a majority, and are, of course, elected. The matter we presume will undergo an investigation.

Honorable Conduct.—Among the deeds of violence, dishonesty, and selfishness, which we have been recently called upon to record in such quick succession, it is gratifying to meet with some instances of generosity of spirit, which may present a contrast to the gloomy catalogue. Sometime last December, Mr. Josiah Perham, Jr. of Hallowell, Me., having experienced unexpected losses in consequence of his endorsements for a friend, was obliged to compound with his creditors in the city, who gave him an entire release from his obligations, to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, on his payment of *fifty per cent.* of the sum of his debts. He has since been enabled, by fortunate operations, to come into the possession of twenty one thousand dollars; and his former creditors in Boston were recently surprised by his visiting them, and paying the remaining fifteen thousand dollars, from which they had granted him a release. Such conduct is its own best reward.—*Boston Atlas.*

THE ELECTIONS.

The election in this state will take place on the 13th of October, being four weeks from next Tuesday. A governor of the commonwealth is to be chosen, and senators, members of the house of representatives, sheriffs, coroners, county commissioners, &c. will also be voted for in the several counties. In a number of counties, tickets have already been formed, and the campaign has opened with spirit and vigour, though with less of political asperity, we rejoice to say, than has sometimes been witnessed. There are now before the people three candidates for governor, and in many places there will be three distinct county tickets. The Jackson party will divide on Gov. Wolf and Mr. Muhlenburg, while the opponents of the administration will generally support Mr. Ritner.

At this election a vote will also be taken on the expediency of calling a convention to amend the constitution of the state. A similar vote was taken in 1825, and the result was against the measure. The votes given in each county, on that occasion, are furnished in the *Politician's Register*,—a work lately published by Key & Biddle of this city—and are as follows:

	For a Convention.	Against a Convention.
Adams,	916	1343
Alleghany,	2864	1094
Armstrong,	379	921
Beaver,	1516	196
Bedford,	345	1969
Berks,	751	3739
Bradford,	892	498
Bucks,	735	2591
Butler,	812	698
Cambria,	75	376
Centre,	254	908
Chester,	768	5013
Clearfield,	266	136
Columbia,	1078	814
Crawford,	854	301
Cumberland,	1589	1922
Dauphin,	942	946
Delaware,	55	1873
Erie,	1181	121
Fayette,	2198	437
Franklin,	745	1685
Greene,	1388	370
Huntingdon,	1765	516
Ind & Jeffer.	919	353
Lancaster,	1206	3043
Lebanon,	657	1417
Lehigh,	972	592
Luzerne,	644	1139
Lycoming,	1729	906
Mercer,	1347	1553
Mifflin,	268	534
Montgomery,	2973	2903
Northampton,	2376	1820
Northumberland,	1415	1084
Perry,	1284	697
Philadelphia city,	2158	4917
Philada. county,	6263	3940
Pike,	613	71
Potter & M'Kean,	268	37
Schuylkill,	1268	934
Somerset,	744	1851
Susquehanna,	1146	475
Tioga,	710	446
Union,	1721	2130
Venango,	1261	446
Warren,	450	228
Washington,	2742	2693
Wayne,	606	241
Westmoreland,	3342	1549
York,	2247	2387
Total,	91 235	89,186
Wolf's (Jackson) majority,		
Jackson Electors majority,		

	For a Convention.	Against a Convention.
Lycoming,	478	1049
Potter,	51	21
McKean,	61	44
Mercer,	1311	672
Mifflin,	1020	805
Montgomery,	539	3000
Northampton,	1210	599
North'd,	594	1691
Perry,	649	351
Phila. city,	1728	3419
Phila. county,	1490	2701
Pike,	228	28
Schuylkill,	371	1091
Somerset,	786	245
Susq'a.	899	74
Tioga,	381	214
Union,	517	1715
Venango,	399	400
Warren,	286	88
Washington,	2175	184
Wayne,	247	90
Westm'd.	2734	1067
York,	437	2431
	44,486	39,892
		44,486
Maj. against a Con.		13,404

From the same work we copy the following statement of votes cast for Governor in October 1832, and Presidential electors in November of the same year.

Counties.	Governor. Wolf.	Ritner.	Electors. Jackson.	Wirt.
Adams,	1030	1670	1071	1762
Allegheny,	3894	3508	2321	2585
Armstrong,	1975	950	1437	429
Beaver,	1443	1418	1360	1398
Bedford,	1929	1581	1978	666
Berks,	3758	3433	4479	1150
Bradford,	1665	920	1498	1921
Bucks,	3302	2969	2980	3017
Butler,	1204	1038	1076	641
Cambria,	508	340	444	94
Centre,	1939	1010	1961	795
Chester,	3374	4301	3732	4286
Clearfield,	513	288	589	207
Columbia,	1768	819	1658	466
Crawford,	1602	893	1478	1130
Cumberland,	2228	1947	2150	1937
Dauphin,	1371	2285	1365	1348
Delaware,	918	1291	9 5	1423
Erie,	1170	1792	1049	1494
Fayette,	2440	1866	2647	1178
Franklin,	2834	2316	1979	2126
Greene,	1809	1355	1443	338
Huntingdon,	1437	2169	1310	1441
Indiana,	8 3	1408	574	893
Jefferson,	240	173	125	115
Juniata,	587	899	599	986
Lancaster,	4124	6387	4061	3140
Lebanon,	1003	1946	1094	842
Lehigh,	1564	1024	1544	933
Luzerne,	2044	1586	1745	1392
Lycoming,	1729	906	1540	869
Mercer,	1347	1553	1368	1914
Mifflin,	268	534	298	455
Montgomery,	2973	2903	3315	2587
Northampton,	2376	1820	2788	3094
Northumberland,	1415	1084	1464	411
Perry,	1284	697	1021	346
Philadelphia city,	2158	4917	3867	5476
Philada. county,	6263	3940	6260	6638
Pike,	613	71	301	49
Potter & M'Kean,	268	37	258	121
Schuylkill,	1268	934	1270	492
Somerset,	744	1851	778	814
Susquehanna,	1146	475	1082	868
Tioga,	710	446	1035	197
Union,	1721	2130	1017	684
Venango,	1261	446	1117	994
Warren,	450	228	490	194
Washington,	2742	2693	3165	1848
Wayne,	606	241	425	267
Westmoreland,	3342	1549	3419	561
York,	2247	2387	3132	1470
Total,	91 235	89,186	90,483	64,716
Wolf's (Jackson) majority,				3,049
Jackson Electors majority,				24,287

THE FOREIGN NEWS

The intelligence from Europe, in another part of this paper, possesses deep interest. It will be seen that during the celebration of the "three days" in Paris, an attempt was made to assassinate the king, and several members of the royal family, by an individual named Girard. The escape of the king may be considered as almost miraculous, a bullet having grazed his arm, and another having wounded his horse. We give the particulars in detail. It is supposed that a scheme to overturn the government of France was connected with Girard's explosion, and that many were concerned in the plot, but of this we shall no doubt hear definitely hereafter. The king, immediately after the explosion, issued the annexed proclamation.

"*Louis Philippe, king of the French, to all that "the present shall see, salutation.*"

"Frenchmen!—The National Guard and army are mourning. French families are distressed—a horrible night has rent my heart—an old warrior, an old friend, whom the fire of a hundred battles had spared, has fallen at my side under the shafts which assassins destined for me. They have not feared, in order to reach my heart, to immolate the glory, honor, the patriotism of peaceful citizens, women and children, and Paris has beheld the blood of the best Frenchmen flow at the same place and on the same day that it flowed, five years ago, for the maintenance of the laws of the land.

"Frenchmen!—They whom we this day regret have fallen in the same cause. It is still the constitutional monarchy—lawful liberty—it is the national honor—the safety of families—the security of all—that your and my enemies threaten; but public sorrow, which responds to mine, is, at the same time, a conspicuous testimony to the union between France and the King. My Government knows its duties, and will fulfill them. Yet let the festivities which were to signalize the last of those days, make room for a pomp more conformable to the sentiment that animates us; let just honors be rendered to those whom the country has just lost, and the veils of mourning that yesterday shaded the three colors, be again thrown over that Banner which is the faithful emblem of all the sentiments of the country.

(By the King) Louis Philippe.

"The President of the Council and Foreign Minister," "V. D. Broglie."

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, 28th July. 1835."

By the packet ships St. James and Poland, arrived since the foregoing was in type, we have obtained some further details of the attempt upon the life of King Philipe. Girard, the assassin, is said to have declared that he was instigated by the Carlists.—Another man, named Boireau, had been arrested, and is said to have confessed his participation in the plot. Suspicion was directed to him by the fact that he was visited on the night previous at his workshop, by two persons, richly dressed, and that after they left him, he advised his employer not to go to the review, as there would be trouble.

Gerard was somewhat better, but by no means out of danger. The physicians were with him constantly. He had been visited by the ministers, anxious to obtain information. The number of persons arrested on the 31st was 59, among whom was Armand Carrel, editor of the *National*.

The number of killed, so far as ascertained, was sixteen.

Nothing later from Spain.

Commodore Porter's description of the Sultan's great ship Mahmood—

"I visited every part of the ship. She is larger than our Pennsylvania. The carpenter's work, and the materials of which she is composed, are not equal to those in our ships,—but when I say we have not a ship in our service whose ornamental parts, equipments, and outfit, are at all to be compared to those of the Mahmood, as regards richness, elegance, utility and expense, I say no more than the truth. Her batteries will consist of one hundred and forty-two guns, of calibres from five hundred pounds downward. On her main deck she is to carry four of this description, the rest are to be forty-two pounders. Every gun on board is as bright as burnished gold; her gun carriages are absolute cabinet work; all the iron work about them is like polished steel, and the brass work, of which there is much, corresponding therewith. The beautiful polish of the rich and costly woods of which the ceiling, sides, and the bulkheads are composed, strikes the eye with a dazzling magnificence. The floors are covered with the same woods laid in a kind of Mosaic. All the rest of her equipments, which are in a high state of forwardness in the store houses, are in the same keeping; and when all are put together, and the Mahmood is complete, the Turks will have it in their power to boast of the largest ship in the world."

We learn from Mr. Hudson, of the New York Merchants' News Room, that a second attempt was made to take the life of Hon. THOMAS DOUGLAS, United States District Attorney, for East Florida, on the 23d August, in Jacksonville. The attempt was unsuccessful—the shot lodging within about an inches of his head, while he was in bed, about one o'clock, A. M.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

BRIGHTON, Beaver Co. Pa. Aug. 27, 1835.

My journey to this place has been extremely pleasant, although we have had an unusual portion of wet weather. I am much pleased with the valley of the Big Beaver river, so far as I have seen it, from the mouth five miles upward—for beauty of scenery, salubrity of climate, excellence of water, and local advantages for manufactories, it stands unrivalled by any place I have ever met with. The river winds through a rich valley of about half a mile in width, and falls, in a distance of two miles, about sixty feet. Four or five dams are constructed across it, over which an immense volume of water is precipitated in successive leaps, from fifteen to twenty feet each, forming a truly splendid view, and giving a water power, without comparison west of the mountains, and superior I think to that of the Genessee at Rochester, New York. There are sixteen or eighteen factories and mills now located on it, within the distance of a mile, and yet a body of water sufficient at the time for five hundred or a thousand mills and factories is running to waste.

Although only thirty miles from Pittsburg and two from the River Ohio, almost in the main route of innumerable travellers and emigrants, the Valley and Falls of Beaver River, it would appear are almost unknown, and considered a by-place on the road not worth investigating, by the multitude of explorers of the great west. I am therefore disposed to notice it more particularly.

The ground on which this town is situated rises in terraces from the river to the high ground in its rear, forming alternate plains and slopes, about a mile in length, as regular as if graded by the hand of art.—Each slope (or bench as it is called) rises in an angle of about forty-five degrees, from thirty to sixty feet, and the plains average about three hundred to five hundred yards in breadth. The prospect from the brows of these benches is extremely beautiful, extending for miles up the valley, and to the high grounds on the opposite bank of the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of the Beaver, two or three miles distant, with the villages of Brighton, Fallston, Sharon, Bowlesville and Bridgewater, spread out in the intermediate space below you, making a picture inviting to the eye, and such as is not often met with. The high and precipitous hill, covered with foliage, immediately back of Fallston, on the opposite side of the Beaver River, bounds the view on the west. The mouths of several coal mines appear at different places on the side of this hill, from which the coal is precipitated in troughs almost to the doors of the various factories at its foot, on the bank of the stream.

The hills in the immediate vicinity of the town, and indeed for miles around, abound in inexhaustible beds of coal, alum, potter's clay, iron, lime and building-stone of excellent quality, while three fourths of the soil is covered with beautiful timber, in which the oak, locust, walnut, sugar-maple, and wild-cucumber trees predominate, interspersed with wild-apple and plumb trees, grape vines, &c. The soil is fertile and productive, as the heavy crops, and the colour of the luxuriant trees bear evidence, and the water is pure and wholesome, resembling in taste our Schuylkill water in Philadelphia, more than any I have met with. This rich and beautiful country, so well calculated to support and enrich a dense population, in comparat vely speaking, but thinly settled. There is room for hundreds and thousands of hardy mechanics and manufacturers from the Atlantic cities, and if they would but come here and settle, instead of remaining where they can procure but a bare subsistence, and where their children are denied, in many cases, the advantages of a common education, they would be able, in a few years, to acquire a competence, and to build up fortunes for their children. A very small capital is sufficient for a start, and the facilities for travelling on the canal are now so great, and the cost so trifling, that the expense of a journey from Philadelphia here, is scarcely worthy of a moment's consideration.

There is a scarcity of hands in the different mechanical and manufacturing establishments about this place. I am informed that the following classes of operatives are much wanted, viz. Brick makers, masons, carpenters, hatters, turners, coopers, potters, bakers, tinplate-workers, tailors, ladies' shoe-makers, chair-makers, labourers, &c.

Good prices and plenty of work may be obtained, while the necessary expenses of supporting a family are very small. Building lots are at a very moderate price, and granted to settlers on very accommodating terms; four or five annual payments being the usual mode of disposing of them.

The fever of speculation has not yet extended to the desirable spot, partly perhaps on account of the care of the principal proprietors of the land in avoiding large sales to non-residents, partly from there not hitherto having been a good road directly through the place. There is now one being opened which must greatly accelerate the travelling, and tend to increase the number of inhabitants.

The head of steam-boat navigation is opposite to the town of Brighton, where the canal commences which is to unite the Pennsylvania and Ohio internal improvements.

The canal is completed and in successful operation to New Castle, about twenty-eight miles above the mouth of Beaver River, and the remainder along the Mahoning Valley, is in a rapid progress towards completion. There is little doubt that the Pennsylvania Legislature, at its next session, will also pass an act for the location of a canal from Erie through this valley to the Ohio. These two great thoroughfares from the state of Ohio and the lakes, will naturally draw a large trade through this valley, especially as produce may be transported on them several weeks later in the fall and earlier in the spring, than on the New York Canal. The grain of Ohio, and other western states will of course be brought to this spot to be manufactured into flour, instead of being carried to Rochester, where a great portion of it has hitherto been taken.

It is somewhat singular that the capitalists of the east have not, to a greater extent, availed themselves of the extraordinary advantages possessed by this location for manufacturing purposes. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of wool grown in the neighbouring counties, are annually transported eastward to the factories, manufactured into cloths, &c. and returned to the west at an immensely increased value. With a water power not so available, a region not so healthy, and expenses of living much greater, if not double, they prosecute this trade with great profits.

Cotton is brought from Tennessee to the Ohio River, transported down the Ohio and Mississippi, to New Orleans and shipped to eastern ports, or carried through the Pennsylvania canal, to the same destination; manufactured and returned to the west, with one or two hundred per cent cost, and profit added, when it might be manufactured here at one half the charges.

Iron in blooms is brought from Tennessee and eastward of the mountains to Pittsburg, manufactured into bar iron, boiler iron, nail rods, and nails, &c. by steam, while the same work could be performed here at much less expense, by water power.

Nearly all the materials forming the component parts of glass are taken from this valley to Pittsburg to be manufactured.

Rich veins of alumine or alum clay yielding sixty per cent of fine alum, tested I am informed by a chemist of Baltimore, rest imbedded in the neighbouring hills in large quantities and require but a small portion of capital and labour to yield abundantly. It is the basis of porcelain pottery, crucibles and fire brick: I have been told that these bricks could be manufactured here at $2,50 to $3 a thousand, and sold for twenty-five dollars a thousand as fast as they can be made, to supply the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys yet no person has thought proper to invest capital in the lucrative business.

Iron ore and building stone, are plentiful and easily procured.

Thus you see how the riches of this spot are overlooked and rendered valueless for the want of capital and enterprise to bring them forth. But this state of things cannot last long. The eyes of your enlightened and industrious citizens must shortly be opened to the importance of this section, and some of them will have occasion to regret that they neglected to appropriate the golden spoils when they had an opportunity of embracing them at a cheap rate.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—A new entertainment called "Moonshine, or Lunar Caustic," founded upon the recent wonderful discoveries in the moon, was produced on Monday evening, and has been repeated several evenings since, with decided success. It is from the pen of *Mr. Burton*, the excellent comedian, and reflects upon his talents and ingenuity the highest credit. It possesses but little plot, but any quantity of droll incidents, irresistibly laughable in their character. Burton's part, which is a kind of parody on Munchausen, and which is intended to hit off and burlesque human gullibility, is wonderfully effective in exciting peals of laughter. His tail, however, when he assumes the part of a moon monster, is rather too long, and not sufficiently flexible. This part of the exhibition might, with some propriety, be *cut-tailed*.

Mr. Hill, the universalled representative of genuine yankee character, appeared on Tuesday evening, in the part of Jonathan in England, and was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. He has improved very considerably since he was last among us, and his engagement cannot fail to prove popular.

The new comedy of "Patricia and Parvenu," by Poole, author of "Paul Pry," was favourably received on its first representation. The dialogue is lively and spirited, but the play is deficient in stirring incident.

Mr. Hill will take a benefit this evening.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Miss Vos, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Rice and Miss Duff, have been the principal attractions at this house during the week. Miss Vos is decidedly a favorite, and promises fair to occupy a prominent position on the American stage. Rice has produced a new extravaganza, founded on the moon affair, which is highly amusing. His talent, in his particular line, is inimitable. His benefit is announced for this evening, and the lovers of fun may expect a rare treat of novelties.

The new drama of "Woman's Life," by Buckstone, author of Married Life, lately produced at this theatre, is said to be a very creditable piece. We have not yet had an opportunity of seeing it performed, but an intelligent friend assures us that it exhibits the trials and vicissitudes in a woman's life, in very strong colours.

The New York theatres appear to be flourishing. Mr. and Mrs. Wood are still at the Park, and Finn is at the Bowery. Of this eccentric genius a New York paper relates the following.

Finn's punning propensities are altogether irresistible.—The other evening at the close of the performance of "Paul Pry," when told by a sprightly little *lass*, (who shall be nameless,) that it was to her very remarkable, that a personage of so much importance as himself in the eyes of the world should possess a feeling of regard for a simple chamber-maid, like herself, he replied, that "it was not at all extraordinary to him that a *Finn* should be *attached* to a *Herring*."

The Franklin Theatre, under the management of Dinneford, has opened with a very strong company, in which we notice the names of Mr. A. J. Philips, the two Seftons, W. P. Blake, Webb, Thayer, Mesdames Duff, Kent, Blake, Stephenson and Miss Verity. It is stated in the New York News, that

The arrangements of the interior of the house have been got up in a neat, plain, and convenient style. The decorations and scenery are by Messrs. Barford, Jones, and Lehr, and the wardrobe by Flannery. To answer the many objections, and loud complaints which have heretofore been raised, by the more strict and fastidious class in the community, Mr. Dinneford has adopted an entire new plan in his police regulations, which, if successful, will effectually rid the premises of a nuisance.

No lady will be admitted unless attended by a gentleman. We have ever contended that a step like this would elevate and render more respected the character of the New York stage. We are sure that the theatre may be made a school of moral instruction; and, divested of its abuses, the community will sustain it as an organ of instruction and moral good.

We perceive that the manager has determined to exclude the coloured people from his premises, and we are not disposed to criticise this proceeding. Their impertinence has become of late intolerable, and to witness their philandering on the north river steamboats is too disgusting to be amusing.

A new drama, called the Last Days of Pompeii, founded on Bulwer's novel of that title, has been produced in New Orleans, Nashville and Cincinnati. It was written by Miss Barnes.

Mr. Charles Matthews, son of the late comedian, is now the manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London. A new Theatre is about to be built in King street, St. James Square, by Mr. Braham, the vocalist; Mademoiselle Josephine, a young vocalist of high prom

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

EZEKIEL'S VISIT
TO THE STEAMER "UNITED STATES."

It seems as all creation was a shakin
When them 'ere wheels come down with such a slap!
My gosh! 'tis just like a young earthquake wakin'
From a long nap!

My thoughts are wondrous and quite overpowering—
Oh mater! how my eyes swell in their lids,
To see those great gigantic chimneys towering
Like pyramids!

And see that 'ere big cylinder, Bill Randall,
And that long thing what makes the paddles turn!
It works right up and down just like the handle
To mother's churn!

Then hear the steam work in an infernal naming,
And see it now goes up like streaks of light
As noisy as a den of serpent's hissing,
Oh, what a sight!

And then what floods of fire the pipes now throw
About them like a rocket all the time;
They look just like a *mater*al volcano,
That's quite subl me!

Oh! what a glorious thing it is for boatin',
It goes so fast I should'nt think 'twould stop;
It looks for all the world just like a floatin'
Blacksmith's shop

Oh! how delightful just to take a rail road,
Then for Syme's hole to take a passage,
But then, oh em! the boilers might explode
Just like a sausage!

Oh! what a 'tarnal clatterin' and thumpin',
As loud as thunder I had almost said;
My eyes sick out with wonder, like a pumpkin
From a garden bed.

And then that furnace, oh! I could'nt figure
It size on paper, hear how it roars!
Oh! what a horrid thing, it must be, bigger
Than all our doors!

Oh, such a racket I never heard before,
The very timbers, every blow, jars
Just like "Old Nat," sweeping his burning floor
With a broom of crowbars.

I've heard said that Milton was sublime in
All the conceptions of wh ch he wrote,
Yet his high fancy would'nt be a primin'
To paint a steam-boat.

F. Y. B.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

FOREST.—Mr. F——, what's the price of your new potatoes?

Simpence a quart ma'am—they're very fine.

Yes—fine enough for selling.

True ma'am, you can boil them without grinding. Your compliments are as fine as your potatoes. And you have them much cheaper ma'am. Well—I don't want none of your sauce, at no price.

The Value of a Married Man.—A little more information my dear,' whispered Lady B. to the gentle Simon, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. 'Do leave me to manage my own business mamma,' replied the prominent nymph. 'I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man.' 'Of course not my love, but I was not aware who your partner was.'—*World of Fashion.*

A Good Anecdote.—As a young man, who had just been elected a member of the Legislature, was passing a neighbour on the first day of the session, the neighbour inquired of him where he was going. 'Going to the House to be qualified,' said he. 'You had better have been qualified before you were chosen,' returned the interrogator.

Extraordinary Coincidence in the Lives of a Married Pair.—A Dumfriesshire paper in the year 1777 gives the following as an extract of a letter from Lanark: "Old William Douglas and his wife are lately dead—you know that him and his wife were born on the same day, within the same hour, by the same midwife; christened at the same time and at the same church; that they were constant companions, till nature inspired them with love and friendship; and, at the age of nineteen were married, by the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened.—There are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sickness until the day before their deaths, and the day on which they died were exactly one hundred years. They died in one bed and were buried in one grave, close to the font where they were christened. Providence did not bless them with any children."

From the Knickerbocker.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY NAMED LIGHT.

Light was the maid in light arrayed, for light to her was given,
From light she flew, and lightly too, she'll light again in heaven,
No northern light was e're so bright—no light could e'er be brighter;
Her light drawn nigh, passed lightly by, as light as air—and lighter.

The lights divine that lightly shine, in yonder lighten-ed skies,
Can ne'er excel the light that fell like lightning from her eyes.
She lightly moved by all beloved, the light and fairy elf;
Light was her frame, and light her name, for she was light itself!

March of Intellect.—Foreigners must form a very "muddling" opinion of the education of the trading classes of England, by the exhibition of the placards in shop windows in the metropolis—for instance in the neighbourhood of Clare-market, we are informed, that "*tegins air* to be let for *singel* gentlemen." 'Mrs. Cox, *laundress*, gents up fine linen, and cleans *vails*;' and in Sheffield-street a notice is posted up at a coal shed, that "a most roomy and *convenant* house is to be sold, the particulars of which may be had of the *learned* proprietor." A short time since a watch, in a pawn-broker's window, in Greek-street, was ticketed "twenty-eight pounds twenty-eight shillings!" Even Regent street is not free from specimens of the sort, there being at present in a milliner's window in that street, a miserable scrawl, stating that "Mr. Morrison gives lessons on the *flaut*" (flute.) These would certainly lead us to believe that "the schoolmaster" was *really* "abroad," at least that he had not as yet visited London.

Sir W. Scott's Grand Vizier.—One showery day, Scott was attended by one of his retainers, who carried his plaid. This man, whose name, I think, was George, deserves especial mention. Sophia Scott used to call him her father's grand vizier; and she gave a playful account one evening, as she was hanging on her father's arm, of the consultations which he and George used to have about matters relative to farming. George was tenacious of his opinions, and he and Scott would have long disputes, in front of the house, as to something that was to be done on the estate, until the latter fairly tired out, would abandon the ground and the argument, exclaiming, "Well, well, George, have it your own way." After a time, however, George would present himself at the door of the parlour, and observe, "I has been thinking over the matter, and upon the whole I think I'll take your honour's advice." Scott laughed heartily when this anecdote was told him. "It was with him and George," he said, "as it was with an old laird and a pet servant, whom he had indulged, until he was positively beyond all endurance. 'This won't do!' cried the old laird, in a passion; 'we can't live together any longer,—we must part.' 'Aw' where the deil does your honour mean to go,' replied the other."—*Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, by the Author of "The Sketch-book."*

QUEEN SQUARE.—*Brother Tragedians.*
An actor at a penny theatre in the New-cut, Lambeth, named George Sheriff, was charged before Mr. White, by Dennis Rigny, a brother actor, with having stolen his handkerchief.

The complainant appeared to prefer his complaint with his stage-boots under his arm, in consequence, as he said, of the midnight pilferers who infested the theatre at which he had the honour to perform.

Mr. White.—What theatre do you speak of?

Complainant.—Mr. Hamilton's in the Cut.

Mr. White.—An unlicenced theatre?

Complainant.—Certainly. We are as free as air.—License indeed! We pass such things by as "the idle wind which we regard not." But I have been dealt with most treacherously.

Mr. White.—In what manner?

Complainant.—Why, I had been acting *Othello* to the satisfaction of a crowded house, when my friend, who had played *Iago*, taking advantage of my going into the dressing-room to wash the soot from my "black and begrimmed visage," actually stole the handkerchief, spotted with strawberries, we had used in the tragedy.

Mr. White.—Of what value is the handkerchief?

Complainant.—*Intrinsically* none, but to me invaluable. It was given to me by a lady, to whom I was most fondly and devotedly attached, and who has since left the sublunary state of existence.

Mr. White (to the prisoner.)—What have you to say to the charge?

Defendant.—Say? Why that it is nothing but "burning spots" he is only anxious because I gained more applause than he did.

Inspector Field, of the L. division, stated that the dressing-room alluded to was the back part of a cow house, and other persons besides the complainant's brother tragedian might easily have had access to it.

Mr. White then said that he certainly should not consider himself justified in detaining the defendant under such circumstances.

Complainant.—But the handkerchief, your worship.

Mr. White.—That must be restored to the party legally entitled to it.

The two tragedians then left the office; the complainant evidently much dissatisfied at the result of the investigation.

From the Portland Advertiser.

OUR QUALITY COUSIN.

Marm Peabody has got a proper sight of relations, scattered about, here and there, and some of them hold their heads up putty high in the world. There is Mrs. Joel Gibbins of Portland, and her husband is one of the first gentlemen there, for he is a merchant and lives in a fine house and has made a glorious spec in the lands down east.

She paid us a visit the summer, and liked us so well that she staid a fortnight; and I dont know how much longer she would have staid, if it had'nt been for a north east storm that come up and drove her away.—She is a sort of cousin, in a round about way, of Marm Peabody's; being akin to the Smiths and Jordans, up about Umbagog. And they are cousins enough to come three mile out of their way, every time they go to market to Portland, just to see how we do and put up with us, all night, bag and baggage.

Well, no matter how she came by it, Mrs. Gibbins is marm's cousin, and so, by that means, cousin to the whole family. And that sort of, —why in one of your fine shop ladies. There's no mistake about it; she is the top of the pot in Portland; real superfine upper crust; and up to all manner of gentility. I tell ye what, we had to mind our p's and q's when she first come here, or we should disgrace ourselves directly. Hannah my wife, was scart out of a year's growth, at the first sight of her, all dressed out in her silks and satins, and shirt sleeves so big as meal bags. It was something just about a hair liker than she ever see before. And even I was put up to all I knew, to get along through the ceremonies, on the grand occasion. But I am an old hand at your complaisants, and I give her some samples that she did'nt expect to see.

Good Lordy! just to see me at the table! setting up so prim, and minding and taking small mouthfuls. Hannah was ready to split, and had to look out sharp to save laughing right out. She declares that I took two bites at a bean. But I mended well when I was about, and did'nt make a single slip. Catch me wiping my chops upon the table cloth, or picking my teeth with a fork, in such company. Then such apologizing and politeness and poking the victuals at her! Hannah says, it she did'nt get enough to eat, it was'nt my fault. And whenever the lady said "Mr. Beedle, I'll *trouble* you for that thing or that"—I always spoke right up with "O, marm, that *trouble* is a pleasure."

Finally our cousin had to come out and say, that she was surprised to find "so excellent a house as her cousin's," and she could'nt invent how, nor where, I had picked up so much politeness, as I had never been to Portland.

Well, my lady had hardly been in the house two hours, before she began to ask me about the *prospects* here in the country. "Ah," says I, "pretty fair, considering. Hay will come in short, owing to drowth in the spring; but the potatoes look well, and corn is to turn out a grand crop."

"Mr. Beedle," says she, "I have heard before, that you was a funny man. I am going to look for myself." With that she clapped on Marm Peabody's old sun-bonnet, and out she goes, dragging wife and me after her, through the fields. And away she streaked it; through bush and brier, and over fence and stone wall; 'twas neck or nothing, but no where. And her tongue was running, all the time, as fast as her legs, every mile and grain. Sometimes I understood what she said, and sometimes I did'nt. But when I did'nt understand, I made as if I did; and she was none the wiser.

"Mr. Beedle," says she, "don't you admire the beauties of the country.

"I used, ma'am," says I, "before I was married, but now, you know, that won't do at all."

"O, you are a queer little man, always thinking of the girls.—I am speaking of the beauties of nature."

"O ho—you mean the beauties of nature. Sartain, I admire the beauties of nature, and always did."

By and by we got to the top of Bareback hill, and all at once she began to play such antics that I thought she was stung by a bumble bee. "My stars," says she, "what a charming prospect!—beautiful, delightful, picturesque! Come here, good folks." This is the spot to look from. Let us that inchant spot!"

At this Hannah she stretched her neck and stared all around, without saying a word, for she could make nothing out, and she did'nt know how to hide her ignorance. But I blarted right out. "Oooo! I smell geese!" says I, "it that don't take the rag off the bush. That bangs every thing. It's equal to cash."

"I don't see nothing Jo'an," says Hannah says she "what is it?"

"Why look," says I, "can you see with your eyes?"

"Where, where?"

"There, there," says I, and give a sort of a jupe with my head; for I could'nt point any where particular. I had both my hands in my pockets. But Hannah would'nt be quiet. "Shew me what it is, John this minnit," says she; and so she kept worrying and teasing me, till our cousin spoke up, and says she, "Is it possible, Miss Beedle, that you have lived here all your life time and never found out the beauties of this spot?" "Yes," says I, "is it possible?"

Hannah, now begun to get riled, as I see plain enough. When her under lips begins to curl over down winds, there's no joke in it. But Mrs. Gibbons took her by the hand, and spoke so kind and suant, that she soon brought her to reason. And while she was pointing out and shewing her how many hills and hollows and woods and meadows it took to make a pro-pect, I had a chance to breath a little. But I hardly had time to think how nicely I had walked over that pole before the lady burst out again;—and this time, she fairly screamed. Fact's, I'd a good will to cut and run; for thinks I, "I shall never be able to hue my row through another prospect as long as I live."

But it was nothing after all—great cry and little wool. It was only the sun setting. It come out of a cloud and shew a great red face about two minutes and then went down behind the White Mountains.—And our cousin made as great a towse about it as it heaven and earth was coming together.

However, our cousin is a right down nice, clever woman, any how. Hannah got more than one new wrinkle, while she staid. She learnt her to sing, and wanted to learn her to play the pyanny, but had'nt the means. O, she sets every thing by Hannah,—But she did'nt like our calling one another "John and Hannah." Says she, "you should say my dear and my love." But the first time we tried to practice dearing and loving, we burst right out a laughing, to each others faces, and there was an end on't. Save marm says she "they'll never swallow this no how. It won't go down."

When she was going away, she insisted upon it that we must come down to Portland and pay back her visit. She says I shall be a lion when I get there.—But she is always joking and jesting with me, and I don't know, half the time, whether she means what she says or no. Say how I mean to let my whiskers grow (I cut them off last spring at sheep shearing) and me what we'll turn up next winter, when the sleighing comes round. Who knows.

ALLIGATOR STORIES.—The following tough stories are related by a correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot —they are pretty well in their way, although persons with small galleries will find it rather difficult to swallow them:—

I, for my part, should prefer an Indian hunt with their alligators;—though that, by the way, is no joke. There have been instances about here, of such encounters, and of an escape, if not a victory, on the human side of the play. Not many years since, one of them pounced in suddenly upon a party of small negro boys, who were bathing near the shore—very naturally most of them object ed to his company, and scrambled off as well as they could. One lad, however, was too late, but he was too ignorant of his danger to be frightened; and considering it too good a chance for a ride, to be lost, he dexterously contrived to mount on the back of the animal and bestride him; the creature whirled about, threw him off, snapped at him, and gave him a cut in the head, when it occurred to him (as he says) that the way to chase him off was by gouging; and he managed, with unerring presence of mind, to fasten his little fingers into the fellow's eyes some how or other, till he fairly worsted him, long enough, at least, to admit his escape to the shore.

I am told by a person who witnessed the scene, that a similar instance once occurred at Savannah. A number of boys were out in the stream, bathing, in plain sight of the wharves and vessels. A person on one of these who happened to watch their movements, noticed the approach of an alligator among them. He gave the alarm, and they fled in every direction. The animal gave chase to a lad, who alone, seemed still unconscious of his hazard, till his pursuer had gained upon him too much, to leave him a fair race to the land. He made a desperate effort, and sprang through the water with the incredible force which fright will sometimes inspire. But his enemy, with his jaws yawning, was close behind him. He altered his plan—turned short about—met the ravenous creature in mid career—and commenced furiously kicking and dashing the water into his eyes. This game took him on surprise; he stopped short, reared his slimy body out of the water for a yard, and went down again. The boy turned about, and pulled away, but the animal soon followed him afresh. The same scene was renewed, with the same result, saving that both parties went below the surface. A crowd was collected before this time, and a boat put off; the lad rose again, and, in a word after making twice, was taken up safe and sound at the last point of examination, while the hungry monster, baulked of his booty, with a surly reluctance made good his retreat.

Now you are welcome to all this sort of sport, but I would like to be excused. It were much to indulge in the inglorious amusement of shooting buckbucks, as they do here, by the *bushel*—a bushel at a shot—that's a fact.

Emplo ment of Time.—A person taken up some useful or agreeable book every morning at breakfast, and at the end of the year has spent agreeably, and we may say profitably, as many half hours as will come to nearly three weeks; another always takes up a Latin grammar, and a *Janua Linguarum* in the same intervals, and at the end of the year has acquired a tolerable knowledge of Latin. Thus you see that whether a young man shall know two or three languages besides his mother tongue, and something of natural history and philosophy, may depend on the seeming trifling circumstance of how he spends the few spare minutes at the beginning and ending of his meals, from the age of fifteen to twenty-five.

Sufficient bibles may be seen at the London depository, that if placed against another, as bricklayers construct a wall, they would reach a distance of 1300 miles, and two of the largest ships in the British navy would not be sufficient to bear up the weight of bibles now ready for distribution; 59 tons had been shipped off to Antigua and Jamaica, and that every negro should possess a copy, it was requisite to ship 100 tons more! Van Deman's land has contributed £300 to the funds of the Bible Society! The contrasts finely with the period of the reign of Edward the Sixth, when the bible was so scarce that a countryman gave a load of hay for one leaf of the Epistle of St. James

From Chamber's Edinburg Journal.

THE PRISONER IN THE IRON MASK.

One of the most remarkable prisoners known to have ever been confined in the Bastile, was an individual described by the designation of the Man in the Iron Mask. The first and most remarkable account given of him was in Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV.—According to that writer, some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin (1661,) an unknown prisoner, young, and of noble appearance, distinguished stature and great beauty of person, was sent in the late St. Marguerite, on the coast of Provence. The unfortunate man was ordered travelling, a mask, so contrived by means of steel springs that he could take his mask without uncovering his face, a peremptory order having been given, that if he disclosed his features he should be instantly put to death. The ministers, however, paid him a respectful and spoke to him standing, and with an air of attention that implied respect. On one occasion he wrote something with a knife upon a plate and threw it out of the window of his apartment; it was picked up by a fisherman, who brought it to the governor of the isle. The man was rigidly examined, and on its being ascertained that he could not read, the governor dismissed him with the remark that he was lucky in his ignorance. In 1698, when the governor St. Mars was appointed to the same office in the Bastile, he carried the masked prisoner along with him, and there the unfortunate was installed to be attended with great ceremony, and supplied with many luxuries which no other prisoner was permitted to enjoy. The governor would often sit down in his presence. He was fond of music, and had a passion for lace and fine linen. The physician of the prison had inspected his tongue, but never saw his face. The very tone of his voice was said to inspire interest; no complaint ever escaped him, nor did he attempt, even by a hint, to make himself known. At midnight in 1703, he was interred like all other persons who died in the Bastile, in the new burying churchyard of St. Paul's, the name registered being that of Marchiali. Immediately after his death, his clothes, linen, and all his apparel, were burnt with most anxious care; the very floor of his apartment was scraped and taken up and every vestige of his existence annihilated.

A story so mysterious could not fail to excite much curiosity; and the literary ingenuity which has been expended since Voltaire's time, in vain attempts to discover who the masked prisoner really was, is of very considerable amount. The subject was discussed by Gibbons in an ingenious essay, and in 1825, M. Delort published at Paris a complete volume on the subject, containing many authentic documents which he considered as illustrative of it. From these documents the late Lord Dover, then Mr. Agar Ellis, drew up a new narrative some what more clear and logical than that of the French writer, which was published in 1826. The theory of Delort and Ellis represented the prisoner to be a person named Mattioli, an agent of minister of the Duke of Mantua, who had incurred the resentment of Louis XIV., in consequence of some treachery he practised in a negotiation for the surrender of a Mantuan fortress to the French, and who, having inveigled into the French territory, was there seized, May, 1679, and conveyed as prisoner to St. Marguerite by M. de Mars, by whom he was subsequently removed to various prisons in succession, as his jailor happened to be appointed governor to one isolated fortress after another, till he finally settled in the Bastile. The chain of evidence upon which the narrative is grounded appears to be deficient in one link, and accordingly it cannot be considered as perfectly satisfactory. This has given scope to the revival of an old theory, which has represented the prisoner as a twin brother of Louis XIV., consigned to durance in order to prevent a contest for the crown. Only a few months ago, the French newspapers contained a letter written by M. A. Bellaid, hereditary secretary general to the minister of the interior, in which that gentleman stated that he had seen, in the archives, a manuscript relating to the St. Mars, which described the prisoner with the mask, as what is above stated, and represented St. Mars himself as having been his guardian and keeper from the hour of his birth till his death. Bellaid gives, from memory, the following statement from the manuscript:—"It was predicted to Queen Anne of Austria, consort of Louis XIII., that she should bring forth twins, which should cause the ruin of great trouble in the kingdom. The queen was struck with this prediction. Arrived at the moment of her accouchement, she was delivered of a boy whose birth was verified after the official mode. When the court attendants had retired, with the exception of her own trained attendants, the queen was again seized, with the pains of labour, and was soon delivered of a second prince; which immediately recalled and secreted so far to verify the prediction which had been made to her. In our ancient jurisprudence, it was considered that the last born twin was the eldest. It was decided therefore, to conceal this second birth; and the infant was delivered to M. de Saint Mars, who was ordered to depart immediately for Bourgogne, where he had a residence. Arrived at the age of sixteen, the young man suspected that the messages which came from time to time from the court related to himself. Profiting by a momentary absence of M. de Saint Mars, he forced open the lock of a cabinet in which that person kept his letters; and he read enough to discover in reality who he was. M. de Saint Mars, when he returned and found what had taken place, ordered him on the peril of his life to be silent as to his discovery. Having immediately sent off a courier to the court with the news, he received orders to proceed to the Isle St. Marguerite with his pupil, who then became his prisoner. M. de St. Mars repeats frequently that he took always the greatest care of the unfortunate youth; he speaks of the gentleness of his character, and of the resignation with which he supported a captivity which was only to finish at his death." But chronology is gravously at issue with this relation.

If the prisoner was a twin brother of Louis XIV. he must have been born in 1638, and been 65 at his death; and it is not at all likely that St. Mars could have been the keeper of any individual during so long a life. In order to be entrusted with such a charge at first, St. Mars would have required to be at least thirty: supposing this to have been the case, he must have acceded to the command of the Bastile in 1659, and been nearly a hundred when the prisoner died. Setting aside the fact of the narration, it seems likely that the masked prisoner was a person whose features contained some such danger to the state as what might have occurred from the pretensions of a twin brother to the grand monarch; while it seems not in the least probable that so much care would be taken with a person of the order of Mattioli.

The Bastile was one of the first parts of the old system of things which fell beneath the outbreaking rage of the French people in 1789. On July 14th of that year, during the commotions which followed the dismissal of M. Necker from the royal councils, the mob of Paris, after taking the Hospital of the Invalids, proceeded to the terrible prison which had so long insulted humanity, justice, and all the more sacred feelings that connect man with man. A brief but fierce and sanguinary siege took place, and the people enraged beyond bounds, by the loss of some of their friends, who fell under the fire of the garrison, battered a breach in the gate, and pouring into the castle, soon made themselves masters of it, and took the garrison prisoners. The governor and other officers were taken to the Hotel de Ville, condemned, and immediately after executed. As for the prison itself, the people did not leave one stone of it standing, and accordingly the space which it occupied is now a level and paved area.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

On harnessing Draught Horses.—Many years have elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, the horses on the continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or even along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. If any unprejudiced person would only attentively remark with what little apparent fatigue three small, ill-conditioned horses will draw, not only his own carriage, but very often that huge, overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eilwagen, I think he would agree with me; but the whole equipment is so unsightly—the rope harness is so rude—the horses, without blinkers, to a so wild—there is so much bluster and noise in the postilion—that, far from paying any compliment to the animal, one is very much disposed at once to condemn the whole thing, and not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to make no other remark than that, in England, one should have travelled at nearly twice the rate with one tenth of the noise. But neither the rate, nor the noise, is the point; our superiority in the former, and our inferiority in the latter, cannot be doubted. The thing to account for is, how such small weak horses do actually manage to draw a heavy carriage up hill, with so much ease to themselves. Now, in English, French, and German harness, there exists, as it were, three degrees of comparison as to the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated or borne up, by what is called the bearing rein; in France, it is left at nature placed it (there being no common French harness no bearing rein) and in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, or else the collar is so made that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising its head. Now passing over for a moment the French method, which is, in fact, the state of nature, let us for a moment consider which is better; to tear a horse's head *up*, or pull it *downwards*, as in Germany.

In a state of nature, the wild horse, as every body knows, has two distinct gaits, or attitudes. If a man, or any at all wilder beast, come suddenly upon him, up goes his head; and he flies at his best and then trots gently away, with ears erect snorting with his nose, and proudly snuffing up the air, as if exulting in his freedom—as one sure he has done before the other. We have before us a picture of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation, all of which in lingo seem to rein him like a troop horse, on his haunches; but attempt to pursue them, and the moment he delies you—the moment, determining to escape, he shakes his head, and lays himself to it work—how completely does he alter his attitude! That instant down goes his head, and his haunches to the tip of his tail, there is no vertebræ an undulating action which seems to propel him, which works him along, and which, it is evident, you could not deprive him of without materially diminishing his speed. Now, in horses, the horse has naturally the same two gaites or attitudes, and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage either in one or the other; but the means by which he succeeds in the first effort, the physical powers which he calls into action are essentially different in the one case, he works by his muscles; and, in the other, by his own dead, or rather living weight. In order to grind corn, if any man were to erect a steam engine over a fine strong running stream, we should say to him, "Why do you not allow your wheel to be turned by cold water instead of hot? Why do you not avail yourself of the weight of the water, instead of expending your capital in converting it into the power of steam? In short, who do you not use the simplest resource which nature has presented ready made to your hand?" In the same way, the German might say to us, "We acknowledge a horse can drag a carriage by the power of his muscles, but why do you not allow him to drag it by his weight?"

Let any one observe a pair of English coal-horses, dragging a heavy weight up a hill, and he will at once see that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that it is by sheer strength that the resistance is overcome. But how can it be otherwise? Their heads are higher than Nature intended them to be, even in *walking* in a state of liberty, carrying no weight but themselves; the balance of their bodies is therefore absolutely *against*, instead of leaning in favour of draught; and if no reader will but possibly hands down the back sinews of our stage coach or coal cheese horses, he will soon feel (though not so suddenly as they do) what is the cruel and fatal consequence. If, to rise, that is ascending a very steep hill, an English postillion will occasionally unhook his leaders—rein; but the jaded creatures, trained for years to work in a false attitude, cannot in one moment get the muscles into the scientific position which the Germen horses are habitually encouraged to adopt. Besides this, we are so sharp with our horses—we keep them so constantly on the qui vive, or, as we term it, in hand, that we are always driving them from the use of their weight to the application of their sinews. That the figure and attitude of a horse working by his sinews is infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight, (there may exist, however, false pride among horses as well as men) I must readily admit; and therefore, for carriages of luxury, where pride among horses as well as men) I must readily admit; and therefore, for carriages of luxury, where show and parade is the only object to be attended to, the present mode is the correct one; but for the purposes of the Coffee House waiter's sleeve of coal, and for which they seem more than half destined, and for which they seem more than half destined, and for which they seem more than half destined